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MY HEART IS YOURS!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

My heart is yours, anear, afar,
Where'er you hap to be!
Thro' ev'ry fleeting hour you are
The world itself to me!
Thro' hopes and fears, and joy and pain,
Whiche'er your life may own,
My heart is now, and shall remain,
For ever yours alone!

My heart is yours, thro' day and night,
Beneath the sun or star;
To think of you is sweet delight,
Because you dearest are:
Because within the world so wide—
Yes! search it thro' and thro'—
There is not one to be espied
So sweet and dear as you!

BENEATH A MASK

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).

JOAN was unfeignedly shocked, but the tale as told by the man in those brief forcible phrases filled her with interest, sympathy, pity, and a yearning to soothe and cheer.

"And what became of you then, poor little boy? Who took care of you?" she asked softly.

"That universal friend—a lawyer—came forward and managed me. I was sent to school, and by-and-by, in accordance with my own aspirations and my late father's intentions, I entered the navy. There for some years I got on well. I liked the service, and I was growing, I believe, less morbid and peculiar, when suddenly an accident betrayed to me a truth I had never surmised. I owed my education and my start in life to my father's murderer. I was indebted to him, in fact, for all I had cost in maintenance and otherwise, since my parent's death had left me penniless as well as orphaned. I was indebted to him, to the man who had lured my father into ruin and what the law designates crime; the man whose subtle brain had through all his iniquitous frauds (in which my father had been but the cat's paw, the scapegoat, reaping no benefits yet incurring all risk) deliberately planned and arranged for this end—that he should ensure for himself security and wealth; for his gulled victim the penalty and the punishment, when penalty and punishment could be no longer averted. I owed to this man, at whose door lay the lives of both my parents and the honor of one, a debt I could not pay. Oh! it was a fraud in keeping with his former ones. You can surmise, perhaps, what I did when this thunderbolt struck me."

"You forgave your enemy sufficiently to allow him to continue the poor atonement he was endeavoring to make for the sins of which doubtless he had repented."

But her voice was tremulous. His was hard, cutting as steel.

"I gave my life one object. I would pay back every farthing of that man's cursed bounty. To do that I must earn money, therefore I quitted the navy and my lawyer friend received me into his office. I allowed him thus to atone; he had deceived me, but he had regarded it as legitimate business and he had not known all. I ground in that office and other offices until I ground all my youth away. I have ground myself into a machine, but I have ground money; I have worked and pinched and saved until I am sordid and hard. I am half parchment, half red tape, but I have risen in my profession, and I have achieved my object. I have paid back every farthing of that accursed debt, and at last I am a free man."

"He took it, that money?"

"He had no choice," grimly. "I made him take it. The stimulus has been good for me," he raised his dark, clever head. "It drove me quicker than I should otherwise have climbed. I have attained now to such height in my profession that I can sit down and take breath. In other words I have a fairly good practice of my own, and this is the first holiday I have enjoyed since I entered a lawyer's office."

"Oh!" Joan drew a deep breath. "I do hope you will enjoy it thoroughly, but I fear you have made an unfortunate beginning."

"I do not call it so," Despard reassured her, glancing from his useless arm to the face of his companion. "It remains to be seen what the end will be; whether good fortune beyond aught I ever could conceive, or—whether it will resolve itself into the blackest thing my life has yet faced."

"Oh, I hope not the latter." But she spoke nervously; the man's tone made his words a thousandfold more significant, and feeling herself getting dragged out of her depth Joan made haste to change the subject.

"Mr. Despard, would you never forgive that man who so deeply injured you?"

His face changed; an iron mask seemed to drop over it.

"His crimes are beyond forgiveness. Any fair injury in open fight I could pardon if pardon were desired; but a treacherous wretch who fawns upon the unsuspecting victim he calls friend, and stabs him in the dark, is beyond my range of forgiveness. I wish I had his trial and punishment in my hands. Do you feel your sympathies go out to such a man?" he added half sarcastically, half wistfully.

"No one could sympathize with a such a man. But your relentless implacability makes me a little afraid of you."

"I am letting you study me as I am," grimly he returned. "Of course if you wish me to act a part——"

"No, I don't wish you to act."

There was silence for some minutes. Joan's eyes were turned towards the window, Despard's eyes were turned upon her unconscious form.

Outside the open window the trim velvet lawn and the many-hued flower beds shone in the glory of sunshine; some roses, big and creamy, hung over the window, their scent stealing in, and the girl's white fingers played with one unknowingly. Upon Joan's face rested a shadow, the lustrous eyes were grave, the sweet mouth was set, the whole expression was troubled and thoughtful, and the lawyer waited for her next words with more anxiety than he would have acknowledged to himself; but a step came on the gravel outside, and Lord Cavass added to the picture.

"Oh, there you are, Miss Maynard," in accents of fond reproach. "Too bad of you to hide away like this. Too bad really, don't you know. Lady Lee and I have been hunting for you everywhere; we can't make up a set at tennis without you."

"I am just coming," said Joan, turning quickly.

"And my letters?" struck in Despard. "I really have some of importance."

"Duty versus pleasure," meditated Joan, herself again. "I have been trained to give duty the preference, especially if it seem disagreeable, therefore I will write your letters, Mr. Despard." Seating herself at the writing-table she looked at him with her quick, bright smile. "I hope you have got your thoughts collected and know what you want to say. Lord Cavass, you must go away and play by yourself awhile. This invalid gentleman has the prior claim."

Lord Cavass, muttering anathemas upon all invalids who shammed, and lawyers who presumed, carried his racket and his becoming blazer disconsolately away, and Despard indited a letter dry as dust and full of mystic phrases to his managing clerk. Joan drew a long breath of relief when she had finished it.

"Oh, poor you," she said, with deep sympathy, "writing, talking, thinking, like that, week in, week out, for so long a life-time; no wonder you are—what you are."

"What am I?" moving his position in an endeavor to meet her eyes.

"You told me yourself, you know, a legal luminary, a lawyer of eminence, greatness and renown. Do you know," leaning forward and letting her sweet smiling glance meet and mingle with his, "I never met one before—familiarly like this. I have seen them, of course, in the distance, looking awful in law courts and dingy offices, and the sight has chilled my blood, but I never dreamed of sitting tete-a-tete with one like this. It ought to be a cure for frivolity, oughtn't it?"

"That is incurable in some people, or rather, perhaps I should say," he smiled as he said it, and Joan for the first time noticed what an illumination his smile brought. He was a fine man, distinguished and clever looking, but scarcely handsome—until he smiled, then his face became delightful, "it is inseparable from the charm which pervades everything some people say or do."

"It is very nice of you to say that, very nice and tolerant, for I am sure you can have nothing in common with frivolity."

"Or charm?"

Joan nodded blithely.

"Exactly. Or charm. You must in some way have got hold of that coveted gift which enables you to see yourself as others see you. I never met with a man who possessed a tithe of it before," ruminatingly.

"I told you I was a unique specimen and should repay you for careful study. You are surely not going," in an alarmed tone as the graceful figure approached the door, "to abandon the study so prematurely?" She paused with hand on the door to considerately explain.

"I am guarding against over-study, which is apt, you know, to produce the feeling of distaste."

CHAPTER V.

They were grouped in the drawing-room at the Grange after dinner, satisfactorily grouped according to Lady Lee's taste, for Joan Maynard was at the piano, hedged about by the little Lord Cavass; Mr. Despard sat apart, guarded by Miss Daley, the young thing of thirty, who was at once skittish, spiteful, and wildly anxious to secure a husband. The post had brought two letters that morning, which had jointly contributed to bring about the piano movement. Lord Cavass had been assured by his man of business that his affairs were in worse condition than he had supposed. Joan had received a letter from her father, who had heard of the peer's attentions to his daughter, and hoped that the dearest wish of his heart was about to be fulfilled.

"It is the only thing I long for, to see you 'my lady,' and taking your place with the best of them. Money is no object, as you know well; I have enough for my daughter and her husband too."

So wrote the Colonial, the man who had made his money (piles of it, as he said) over the seas, and yearned, with true English vulgarity, to see it shine and glitter and dazzle in his native land.

Now Robert Maynard knew well that his birth, his education, and his Colonial ideas and habits, rendered himself unfitted to shine, even though gilded to the uttermost; but with regard to his daughter it was entirely different. Her education had been, as he said, first-rate, her beauty was a power, and she had inherited from her mother a distinction and a grace which lifted her above the average woman.

Joan was the rich man's only child, and it was but natural that he who had toiled so hard for her sake, should desire to see this daughter of his do full justice to her advantages. And when Joan read her letter that morning she asked herself:

"Had she any right to disappoint her parent's long-cherished aspirations for sake of her own prejudices."

Maynard had ever been the kindest, most indulgent of fathers, and his daughter knew that if she chose to disappoint him in this instance, he would be rather grieved than angered; but so grieved. Somebody (Joan suspected Lady Lee) had evidently written the old man a glowing account of Lord Cavass and his intentions, and Joan, meeting now the eager eyes of the impecunious noble, knew that it only needed her consent to transform Miss Maynard into the Lady Cavass.

She sickened at the thought, but she conscientiously tried to make an effort towards it. She shut her eyes as it were to Despard, shutting him out with Amy Daley, and she essayed to find something congenial in Cavass. She failed, and then she tried to find something tolerable, and she had just failed there again, and was at her wits' end, what to try next, when she heard Despard's voice at her shoulder.

"Miss Daley has kindly expressed a desire to hear me sing. Dare I venture to trouble you to play my accompaniment, Miss Maynard?"

Now Joan was accompanist general at the Grange, having a talent for that difficult art; she had just played two songs for Lord Cavass, who liked to sing (as what man does not?), and piped away in serene indifference to time and tune, but when Despard made his modest request, Joan arose and replied stiffly:

"Won't Miss Daley play for you? I think she rather likes playing accompaniments."

So she did, in an airy, girlish way, making nothing of wrong notes and skipping playfully over any difficult bar; and for another little way she had, viz., of stopping dead in the most effective passage to ask, with maddening giggle:

"Where are you? There? Oh! I beg your pardon, why I am a bar or two behind."

She was rather shunned by singing men, but Despard turned courteously towards her at Joan's suggestion, and the dutiful daughter, retreating from the piano in company with her noble shadow, heard singing which even Miss Daley could not murder. It was too bad of Despard. What did he want to sing for? That magnificent voice rolling out rich and full, with its thrilling intonations, its perfect culture and its dramatic force of expression, drowned all Lord Cavass' little feeble commonplaces. And of course the man of parchment and tape must sing a love song, sing it too as if he understood and felt every syllable he uttered, and as if, moreover, he meant one of his audience to feel it also. It was hard on Joan.

She sat by a small table on which stood a rosily-shaded lamp, and the light fell becomingly upon the softness of her white arms and neck, the glint of her hair, and

the graceful pose of her figure; all Joan's positions were full of natural unstudied grace.

This evening she wore a gown of thick, soft, pearl, gray silk, veiled and draped in parts with gray gauze exquisitely embroidered. It was a charming woman, and Lady Lea glancing towards that distant little table admired all she saw, for Lord Cavass was getting entangled in the misty folds of the girl's train, and the passion of Despard's singing was emboldening him to bleat out his best imitations of love and truth and devotion, and such things as he knew by name only.

But Joan heeded nothing; she was not aware how fair a picture she made, nor how lover-like Cavass appeared hanging over her; that grand voice was rolling into her heart, and she was conscious of naught but the words it sang.

As the last note died away there arose a cry of wild alarm. Joan, engrossed in the song, had not noticed the soft-footed approach of Joss the mastiff, who, in endeavor to obtain her notice, thrust his cold damp nose into her clasped hands. She started, and Lord Cavass, in his endeavor to anticipate her smallest wish, thrust the dog aside; between them, they gave the lamp-bearing table a slight but fatal push. It reeled, and had Cavass been of the stuff of which heroes are made, he might have caught the lamp and saved it from falling with the table; but he was of quite different material, so much so that when he heard the horrid crash and saw liquid fire rolling towards Joan, and the gauze of her gown, he raised the cry of wild alarm and sprang back, with the sole desire of saving his own neat black legs from the devouring flame.

The flame caught the transparent tissue on the girl's train. In another moment—but a big man came with a leap, such a leap as a lion gives—swift, tremendous, sure, across the room. He caught up a huge tiger skin, while his voice rang out in command:

"Bring every rug you can find, instantly," and he had the skin wrapped round Joan, and the hungry blaze smothered out, before Lord Cavass had conveyed his legs into a corner of security. After which Despard fell to stamping about, tearing down curtains, and heaping rugs and carpets pell-mell, and the result was that, in a few moments (these things have to be done quickly, or not at all), the pretty drawing-room was all upset, but nothing was very much injured, and the fire was extinguished.

Then uprose a babel of tongues, everyone talking excitedly except Joan, who had uttered no sound at all. Slowly across the room she came, the charred ruins of her pretty embroidery telling how exceedingly narrow had been her escape, and stood beside Despard. She had seen everything, her own danger, Lord Cavass' discretion, and the intuitive perception which had revealed to Despard, as he stood with his back towards her, that she was in peril.

She was uninjured, save for a slight burn on one arm, but her deliverer had burned his hands badly, and by tearing his arm out of its sling, and using it with might and main, he must have given it a terrible wrench. Yet Joan did not speak of that; she stood before him with her hands locked, her face white and her eyes shining; they were brightened by tears for one thing, but also by something else which only Despard, looking deep, deep down into their beautiful depths, could see.

"Thank you," she said, with a catch in her breath, and when he smiled for answer, she turned away. "I will go and take off my charred frock, I think, Julia."

"Yes, dear," said Lady Lea, winding her arm about the pretty waist, "and this burn shall be dressed. Does it hurt much, sweet one?"

"I don't feel it."

Lady Lea, glancing into the white face, noticed its look of exaltation, and a thrill of fear ran through her.

"Lord Cavass does not understand paraffine lamps, Joan, he said so just now."

"He certainly seems a little afraid of them."

"Had it been anything to do with a horse, now, he would have been entirely master of the situation."

"Does he often meet with horses in a drawing-room?"

"Joan, it is not like you to be sarcastic. Take my word for it as a married woman; it is no drawback to a man, as a husband, to be unversed in the intricacies of paraffine lamps. Nasty, vulgar, dangerous things. Light your rooms with candles, it is simply a question of money."

"It would be a great advantage in a husband, I should think," said Joan, still with that quiet, exalted look upon her lovely face, "to be able to trust him under any circumstances—to take care of himself—one need have no anxiety on his behalf."

"You are upset," observed my lady abruptly. "I shall ring for your maid, and you must go to bed and not speak another word to-night."

Then she kissed her friend tenderly, whispered how thankful she was to see her safe, and left her in her maid's hands.

Presumably Miss Maynard had a good night's rest, for she came down the next morning looking fresh and sweet as a rose. She found another letter from her father, and upon reading it, at the breakfast table, announced that she must return home that very day. Mr. Maynard was attacked by his worst enemy, the gout.

"Joan!" cried her hostess, in accents of despair. "You can't go."

"I must, Julia. Papa with the gout is a heartrending spectacle. Directly he is well again I will come back and finish my visit. I hope it will prove to be only a slight attack."

But though she spoke firmly, she sighed inwardly, for coming back is not the same as staying on, and it occurred to Joan that Despard's visit at the Grange would be concluded ere she returned, while there were no limits to Lord Cavass.

However, she went bravely upstairs to give orders to her maid about her packing, and then she crept down softly, avoiding her friend Julia Lea, and looking for the lawyer, Despard; her motive was quite innocent, she wished to thank him more fully for the trouble he had taken on her behalf the previous evening.

Now Despard was looking for Miss Maynard, he having something which he greatly desired to say to her, and this led to a little complication and some delay, but at last they met, 'twas in the drawing-room, and the drawing-room was happily, at that period, deserted.

"I—I wanted to see you before I left, Mr. Despard, because I fear I shall not find you here on my return."

"On the contrary, I hope you will. I am going up to town this evening, my business requires a taste of personal supervision, and Sir Joshua has kindly asked me to come back and finish my visit a little later."

"Oh!" then she looked up and smiled. "When did you make this arrangement?"

He answered without dissimulation. "This morning, after I had heard your change of plans."

"Indeed! Well, on the whole, I think I am glad you should be here when I am. Julia has so many lamps about, and they are dangerous on those cockle-shell tables, and you were evidently the only person in the room last night who understood anything about their management."

Then her face and voice and manner altered entirely; into her eyes came the softest, sweetest light, into her voice a little tremor, into her manner a shyness, absolutely bewitching.

"How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Despard, for—saving my life last night; and I know you wrenched your poor arm terribly, I am sure it pains you to-day."

"It pains a little. I enjoy it," with triumph.

"Oh, I am so sorry. Let me put this sling right for you. Is that easier?"

He caught the little, gentle hand and held it in his own left one closely, the while he continued with, now, a total alteration in his manner, face and voice; all lightness, all conventionality had fled, and in their place shone a passion, rang a force, which thrilled Joan to the centre of her being.

"I assure you I enjoy this pain, for it reminds me continuously of my greatest, keenest happiness—I have been of some service to the woman I love."

Silence; Joan, for the first time in her life, finding herself speechless, stood at the mercy of the next words it might please her companion to utter.

"The woman I love," he repeated slowly, and the rich tenderness in his voice was wonderful. "I have said it aloud at last. I have whispered it to myself a score of times, wondering if I should ever have courage to say it to you. But for that blessed lamp it might have remained unsaid. You are not angry with me for—this?"

"I could not be angry with you after—that. Besides, one ought never to be averse to hearing truth, if you are sure this is truth? Men make such mistakes in these cases."

"I have never had a case of this sort before. My mother died, as I told you, when I was a little child, and since then no woman has ever aroused in me any feeling of affection. Are I sure I love you? Joan, look into my eyes straight through into my soul, and I think you will never doubt it again. I know no words which can describe or express my feelings, their depth, their might. I love you with every fibre of my being, every beat of my heart, every thought of my mind. My love for you is the purest, noblest, highest feeling my life has ever known; it is truth, and therefore it must endure. So long as I have a heart to beat or a brain to think, I must love you, love you, love you. Oh! my darling, and yet it seems such presumption to offer you my worship and myself. I must be the veriest simpleton if I did not know that I am or have nothing worthy your acceptance, you, so far above and beyond all women—and yet sometimes—lately—I have felt hopes, thrilling, pulsing throbs of the most exquisite hope, whispering that you might care to have my devotion and my life. If my vanity has misled me, the kindest thing you can do is to put me out of my misery at once, but if I have read your sweet kindness aright, if—oh, my darling, my love, my all—if you can give me promises, even distant ones——"

"Would you like them to be very far distant?" Joan asked softly; her confusion vanished as that of her lover increased, and she interrupted his hesitating utterances with her old smiling sauciness. "If you would allow me to say it I should not put off things too far, at your time of life, you know."

"Joan, my darling—you mean me to understand——"

"Joan, my darling, the carriage will be round in an hour's time, and luncheon is all ready for you now in the dining-room."

Could any interruption be less opportune? But Lady Lea was acting prudently, according to her lights. Blind to all her dearest friend's hints and glances she refused to efface herself, nay, she hedged Joan about even until the train had entered the station and Miss Maynard had entered the train, and though Joan could have shaken her dear Julia with much pleasure, she could not shake her off. So hedged about was the departing guest, that the only thing she had a chance of saying to her lawyer was just the hurried whisper:

"We must finish that—that conversation of ours when we both return to the Grange and meet again, you know."

"May I write?" Despard asked eagerly.

"No, better wait till we meet again."

But forthwith she gave him a look (right over little Lady Lea's head), and when that train went off Despard stood upon the platform a satisfied man.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY two weeks elapsed ere Joan Maynard returned to the Grange, but somehow during that fortnight the girl had changed. She was just as beautiful as ever, but scarcely so charming. She was less sweetly, bewitchingly bright and gay, more grave and thoughtful, and a little inclined to be sharp and flippant; it was a pity. Sebastian Despard had not yet reappeared, and Joan never made any inquiry about him; this Lady Lea hailed as a good omen.

"I fancy old Maynard has been giving his daughter sensible advice," she observed to her husband, Joshua. "Now if it could only be managed that Joan should never meet that lawyer again——"

"Ah! that reminds me," said Sir Joshua. "I heard from Despard to-day and he hopes to turn up here to-morrow."

Lady Lea stamped her pretty foot.

"I never heard of anything so vexatious, so tiresome, in my life. Josh—put him off," entreatingly.

"Certainly not. My dear, are you aware that he is one of the very few men whom I really like?"

"That would be very well if he liked you, or only you I mean, but Joan makes the complication. You see, dear Lord Cavass has so many advantages. Despard has—nothing."

"You call brains nothing?" drily.

"Brains," in high disdain. "Who wants brains if he has a title?"

"It is as well to have a modicum, I thought. Cavass, however, evidently considers it unnecessary. But do you women count appearance as nothing?"

"Appearance! What does that matter in a husband? Women soar far above appearances. If I had studied appearance, now, should I ever have married you?"

"You might have done worse," retorted her lord quickly. "Notably a good bit worse if you had taken a man of Cavass' inches and physiognomy."

"Josh, dear, I wish you would not make those disparaging remarks. I am sure they do Joan's prospects harm, and remember he is your guest too."

"Humph! I have begun to look upon him as one of my fixtures. Do you know by any chance how long he has been here?"

"I know I have begged him to prolong his stay, I am sure no one could be more harmless."

"Certainly no one could be more uninteresting. Well, if you can persuade Miss Joan to pay his debts and bestow herself and her fair supply of worldly goods upon that little apology for a man, she must have less sense than I give her credit for possessing."

"She will be Lady Cavass, and old Maynard will be enchanted. She would be just wasted as plain Mrs. Despard."

"She would never be plain Mrs. Anybody. That face of hers will wear well. Despard is a fine fellow, a real good sort."

"Make much of him, Joshua, you can appreciate him; monopolise him, dear, enjoy his intellectual society to the full—so fully that no one else can get a chance of it, you know, and I shall not object to his visit here one bit."

Lady Lea was giving a dance on the following evening, and Joan's programme was almost filled (an heiress who is a beauty and a perfect valser to boot, cannot keep dances open unless she be a past mistress of subtlety) when her eyes encountered the eyes of Sebastian Despard across the room. She was for a moment resting by a window, he stood leaning against a doorway in the opposite wall. Joan had not known he was due at the Grange (Lady Lea having omitted to mention the circumstance), and when she met those dark, clever eyes, with in them a look which the girl could not fail to understand, her heart gave a good answering throb and her face turned white; the next instant it hardened into a cruel look of resolution. Despard bowed and smiled, and at once began to thread his way towards her, Joan behaved in a manner utterly unworthy of herself; she made no response to Despard's greeting, and as she saw him coming, she spoke to her partner and valsed away.

"These rooms are stifling," remarked Miss Maynard when the music ceased (she never complained of the most crowded London rooms and she could valse all night without turning a hair), "I must go out on the terrace, Major Burke. Cold? No, I think it is too warm even outside. Will you fetch me an ice, please?"

She had gained a few moments of solitude and she stood under the pale stars, on the lonely terrace, her white robes falling around her, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes piteous.

"I must do it to-night. How can I do it?" she moaned. Alone! no, she might not even be alone, a step approached and ere she could discover from which direction it came and flee before it, a hand was laid upon hers and a voice, very low, very quiet, and very masterful, the voice of Sebastian Despard, said:

"Miss Maynard, I have followed you."

"You have come for dances I suppose," with an uncertain laugh. "But I fear you are too late, my card is quite full."

"I don't want dances except as a means to an end. I must have a certain amount of conversation with you."

"Major Burke will be back directly," looking over her shoulder and longing for the stalwart soldier whose presence a moment before she had loathed.

"Then come out of Major Burke's way. Further down here, where he will not see your white gown." So authoritative was his tone, so impelling his touch, that she yielded to it unconsciously and was led, out of sight of ball-room windows, to the farther end of the terrace, then she struggled a little. "I cannot enter into serious converse at a giddy dance. You look appallingly solemn, quite out of place at a scene of festivity. Let me meet you at a prisoner's bar or in a churchyard or some other appropriate spot, at some more suitable time."

"You will listen to me and answer me here and now. Joan, you cut me five minutes ago."

"Did I?" indifferently. "Oh, well, it does not matter does it? You are not offended?"

"Did you wish to offend me?" His voice sounded husky, unlike itself.

"No, oh no," with superlative carelessness. "Why should I do that?"

He looked at her standing there, lovely as a dream, cold as an iceberg, cruel as death. Was this the same sweet, tender woman he had loved and wooed and as he

thought won, only two little weeks ago? Only fourteen days since he had parted from her with his heart alight, filled with the most glorious hopes, and now——

Her face and form remained the same, lovely to distraction. Tall and fair in her pure robes she stood beneath the stars a woman to be worshipped. Her gown of dead white silk was low cut and short-sleeved, and it was edged about by the snowiest, fluffiest ostrich feathers; a cascade of the same feathers fell from the left shoulder to the hem of the skirt; they were fastened upon the shoulder by a great bunch of deep crimson carnations and another bunch of the same flowers ornamented the girl's huge white feather fan; the fragrance of those carnations was wafted to Despard as Joan raised her fan with an idle, graceful movement, waving it between her face and his fixed regard.

"Don't do that," he commanded sternly. "I want to see your face."

"But I do not like the look on yours, I prefer to shut it out. Neither do I like your extraordinary tone and manner," she laughed coldly.

"Joan, when last I saw you asked a question. I was to receive your answer when we met again."

"Ah, exactly; it is soon given, that answer. I regret that I cannot accept the proposals you were so flattering as to make to me."

"And your reasons?"

"Women never reason, according to masculine creed—your creed, Mr. Despard."

"Your reasons," he protested, heedless of that flippancy. "Your reasons for deliberately doing me this cruel, deadly injury, I will know. You gave me encouragement; you intended me to hope and to aspire. Had you in the first instance discouraged my advances I should never have proceeded a step farther; had you even half-way given me to understand that my attentions were unwelcome, I should have retired, bitterly mortified and grieved perhaps, but not mortally wounded. Now—now it is, and you know it is; a matter of life and death to me. It would have been a more womanly and a far more merciful action," his voice quickened passionately, "had you taken a knife and stabbed me to the heart with one swift sure blow; that would have been a small cruelty compared with this. Why have you done this?"

As he paused in evident intention to have some reply, Joan said with a forced smile:

"You told me once that you held it impossible for a woman to be constant. You observed that men would blame her for fickleness, falsity, love of change in fashion and sweetheart, but for your part you believed that in all her fickle inconstancy she did but fulfill the laws of her nature, she could not do otherwise. With this repetition of your own wise words, Mr. Despard, I think we may close this scene."

She moved as if to pass him and return to the house; his grasp fell on her bare white arm like a steel band, it hurt the fair, soft flesh, but neither he nor she were aware of that. Joan could see the agony in the white, strained face so near hers, she could hear it in the hoarse, strained voice, altered out of all semblance to its former delightful music; she could gauge it by the pain which seemed to be tearing her own body and soul asunder, but, true to the purpose formed out of some awful, implacable resolution, she betrayed no sign of her own suffering. She might have been a perfect marble statue, so cold, so destitute of all feeling did she appear. But she was to be further tried. Despard altered suddenly, his voice, his grasp, his glance grew gentle.

"If those foolish presumptuous words of mine or any others I may have uttered have rankled in your mind, forgive them," he pleaded, "for from my very soul I deplore and retract them. I did not know you then. I was ignorant and conceited and presumptuous. And just now I was half mad from pain, forgive that also, if you can. Believe that my love for you is like a mighty resistless torrent, which neither my will nor my brains can check or control; it drives me hither and thither, into presumption, into despair, into madness, but your hand could guide it, lead it in any way you chose. Joan, my very life is in your hands; whether I will or no, whether I rebel or yield, it must be so; I cast myself upon your mercy, for my extremity is utter. I cannot indulge in pride or even in what one terms self-respect; the one mighty current sweeps all away save itself. I love you, I love you, I love you with my whole soul and being. Have you nothing for me—in very pity; nothing, Joan?"

It was a cry of anguish, that last entreaty, the anguish of a strong man, and, dazed by her own pain Joan had nothing to say for some moments; she had neither voice, nor speech, nor thoughts; that current of love was sweeping her away also.

"You will unsay those cruel words, you did not mean them?" The eternal upspringing of hope attuned Despard's tones again to softest melody. "You deemed me presumptuous, and wished to give me a lesson—that was it, wasn't it? As I look at you, so womanly, so gracious, so sweet, I feel you could not be capable of cruelty so barbarous. You have the face of an angel; it is impossible you should have the heart of a fiend."

"You have a strange choice of phrases, Mr. Despard. I suppose all this poetical exaggeration belongs to your profession. I don't know why I should be accused of such heinous crimes, I don't see what I have done beyond laugh and talk in a friendly spirit with you as I have done with dozens of other men. If they all expect me to marry them——"

She finished the sentence with a gesture which turned her face from her companion's scrutiny.

Dead silence for a time. Oh! such a long time; a time which seemed to Joan a very eternity of torture; then the lawyer slowly spoke.

"If you have treated many men as you have treated me, I am more sorry for you than for them."

"That is kind of you. I suppose you see with your just eyes some awful Nemesis approaching me. Perhaps you will pray for it."

"I shall not pray for that." His accents were broken now, almost inaudible. "I have loved you, though how well you can never know. You have proved yourself unworthy any man's true affection, but still your happiness, which would have been my dearest treasure to guard and ensure, can never be indifferent to me. I shall pray——"

"Oh! please leave my happiness alone," she interrupted, almost hysterical for the first time in her life. "I shall get what I deserve, I dare say. But you—you have loved, you say. Already you can talk of it in the past tense, therefore you are getting over it; you will get over it, of course; I mean you will soon learn to forget me, won't you?"

"I shall never forget you. I may in time—learn to forgive you."

"Oh, I am sure you will manage to overcome this weakness. You have so much resolution and strength of character, you have succeeded so splendidly in all your endeavors in life, that I am sure you won't fail here. When next we meet I foresee——"

"We shall never meet again if I can prevent it."

A cold shiver seemed to run through her, she feared he must see the tremulous movement, and she cried shrilly:

"Of course that is as you please, but I own that—heartless as you think me—I should like to hear you tell me presently that you have got over it all—conquered this foolish, unhappy fancy. I am sure you will manage it," with strange insistence. "Now you know I am unworthy any place in your regard, I shall be torn out, deposed by the force of your iron will, from—from your affections and thoughts."

"Perhaps. I need not discuss these probabilities with you. Shall I take you back to the ball-room, Miss Maynard?"

He has lowered himself to the uttermost before her, and he had lowered himself in vain; he was a proud man, and he would never plead nor sue to her again, Joan felt that. He had been marvellously moderate in his reproaches, and as they moved slowly along the terrace, Joan's shrinking hand just touching the cloth of his sleeve, he forbore to utter anything. The girl recognized the man's strength which gave him self-control, and his generosity which spared her the taunts and upbraidings she might have received. Of all qualities Joan admired most strength and generosity.

She had treated Despard vilely, inexcusably, she recognized that also. Her own hands had put away from between them any possibility of friendship in the future; he would avoid her rigorously for always, he had said so, so to-night ended—everything.

They reached the conservatory door, and Joan drew a deep, deep breath, trembling from head to foot, struggling against screams and moans, and something stronger even than hysteria, a longing to throw herself into Despard's arms and cry "Forgive me!"

The end of it all had come. Sebastian Despard bowed silently, releasing his arm from Joan's two fingers; he did not look at her, or he might have been startled out of self-control; he left her on the edge of a cushioned chair, and she sank back into the cushions as he moved away. They were not invisible to each other throughout the remainder of the evening, for presently Joan emerged, and danced, and laughed, and apparently flirted (the only peculiarity about her being that her face was white, and her hand ice-cold), while Despard lounged like other men and looked much as they did, until Lady Lee's ball came to an end—as everything else had done.

* * * * * *

He was brought home maimed, crushed, suffering, but not dead—not dead yet. She received him and bore the shock, quietly, bravely, without fainting or screaming or showing one symptom of feminine helplessness, but she clung to the surgeon's hand for a moment after he had examined his patient, and she uplifted two eyes, piteous as those of a wounded animal, when she whispered:

"Save him for me, save him, he is all I have."

"My dear Miss Maynard, all I can do shall be done."

But Dr. Parker was too really kind to raise false hopes in the poor girl's breast.

It had been a railway accident which had claimed Mr. Maynard among its victims, and the stout, florid, active, healthy man, who had left his house that morning in splendid strength and spirits, lay on his bed now like a log, pallid, helpless, weak as a baby, able only to groan. Of course trained nurses were sent in, but Joan never quitted her father's bedside; she watched him with absorbed, unfailing gaze, and when he recovered consciousness and tried to speak, she was bending over him instantly, catching his gasping, feeble utterance:

"Joan—my girl."

"Oh! father, my darling, you—you are better, dear?"

"I have something to do. Will you help me, child?"

"Yes, dear, in any way."

"Will you promise to help me in any way? Promise to fulfil my wishes, Joan, whatever they be."

"I promise, father. Tell me what to do."

Maynard lay back breathing heavily, gathering up strength.

"I want to write—a letter."

Here he raised a bandaged thing, formerly a hand, and looked at it curiously.

Joan's eyes were suffused, but she answered quite quietly (she had grown stronger somehow than she used to be):

"I can write for you, dear. Just tell me what to say."

She had her writing materials at hand, and she bent over them as the poor sufferer faltered:

"I want somebody to come, at once—before I go. I—I have an atonement to make. Urge him to come without delay or it will be too late. His name is——" Then Joan heard a groan of mental agony which pierced her heart. "I have forgotten his name. It is already too late."

"I know his name," the girl whispered quick and low. "It is Sebastian Despard whom you wish to see, father."

He evinced no surprise at his child's knowledge, he was past that, he only drew a sigh of deep relief.

"Yes. Tell him to come at once."

"I will. I am sure he will come, dear. Rest, and wait quietly for a little, then you will be strong enough to talk to him when he comes."

Despard has never seen Joan's handwriting to her knowledge therefore she attempted no disguise; she addressed an envelope to the lawyer's office—she knew that address by heart—and on a sheet of paper she wrote:

"Will you come to a dying man without delay? He is desperately in need of your services and implores you to come at once, or you will be too late to ease his last moments."

Then she added the address, but no signature, and despatched the letter by a trusty and swift messenger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE COFFEE IS MOST CONSUMED.—Coffee, it is believed, is more generally consumed by the people of Brazil than by any other people in the world. The coffee fields of Brazil cover 2,000,000 acres, with 900,000,000 trees, each tree averaging about one pound per annum. The industry there employs 900,000 hands. The consumption of coffee in Brazil averages yearly 14 lbs. per inhabitant; in Belgium and Holland, 11 lbs.; in the United States, 7 lbs.; in Germany, 5 lbs.; in Great Britain, very little over half a pound.

Bric-a-Brac.

AMONG THE GODS.—The Drury Lane Theatre, London, many years ago had its ceiling painted to represent a blue sky with clouds, among which were cupids flying in every direction. This ceiling extended over the gallery, and consequently the occupants of these higher seats were said to be "among the gods," while later the term "gallery gods" was applied to those occupying the highest tiers in theatres.

WHENCE THEY CAME.—Garlic came originally from Sicily; the bean, pear, and onion from Egypt; the egg-plant from Africa; the artichoke, horseradish, and beet from Southern Europe; the peach, walnut, and mulberry from Persia; spinach from Arabia; rye from Siberia; the chestnut from Italy; the cucumber from the East Indies; parsley from Sardinia; and the potato and maize are natives of America.

THE SUN.—The eclipse of the sun which occurred on April 16 was, according to the British Chronological and Astronomical Association, a recurrence after a long cycle of eclipses, of one which took place in 600 B. C. On that ancient occasion there was a tumult in Nineveh because of the sun's face being darkened, and Shalmanaser II took possession of the throne, the people believing the gods were displeased with its then occupant. The story is told on an obelisk in the British Museum.

DUTCH NAMES FOR THE MONTHS.—In Holland the following names for the months are in use: January—Lauremaand, chilly month; February—Sprokelmaand, vegetation month; March—Lentmaand, spring month; April—Grasmaand, grass month; May—Blowmaand, flower month; June—Zomermaand, summer month; July—Hooymaand, hay month; August—Oostmaand, harvest month; September—Hertsmaand, autumn month; October—Wynmaand, wine month; November—Slagmaand, slaughter month; December—Wintermaand, winter month.

INSECTS.—It is believed, according to Mr. P. L. Simmonds, F. L. S., that there are five times as many insects as there are species of all other living things put together. The oak alone supports 450 species of insects, and 200 kinds make their home in the pine. Forty years ago Humboldt estimated that the number of species preserved in collections was between 150,000 and 170,000, but scientific men now say that there must be more than three-quarters of a million, without taking into account the parasite creatures. Of the 35,000 species in Europe, however, not more than 3500 are noxious or destructive. There are more than 100,000 kinds of beetles.

THE PALMIERI FAMILY.—A poetical legend derives the name of Palmieri from a favorite young cup-bearer of Emperor Otho I. It runs thus: When the emperor had defeated Berenger IV, Pope Agabetus II sent him a palm branch with a long message of congratulation. Otho gave the branch to his young favorite to carry before him so that all the world should see how the Pope had honored him. The youth came to be called "il palmiere" (the palm-bearer) and adopted the appellation as his name. Afterwards the emperor gave him a castle, and his grandson, being handsome and of noble mien, won the heart of the only daughter of a rich noble, one Latino, the Lord of Rascio. Thus the Palmieri became, according to the old legend, very powerful and possessed of much wealth.

THE APPLE TREE AND ITS CULTIVATION.—Pyrus Malus, the common apple tree, is a native of Europe and almost naturalised here. The Romans had 22 varieties, according to Pliny. Probably nearly 1000 varieties are cultivated in the United States. The wild apple or crab tree, a native of Britain, and very generally found in temperate climates of the Northern Hemisphere, is a somewhat stunted looking tree, with astere, unestable fruit, yet it is the parent of all, or almost all, the varieties of apples so much prized for the dessert. The apple is now one of the most widely diffused of fruit trees, and in the estimation of many is the most valuable of all. It succeeds best in the colder parts of the Temperate Zone. It may, however, be found on the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, in Arabia, Persia and the West Indies, but there its fruit is as small and worthless as in high northern latitudes.

ONE-FIFTH of the ashes of the late Mme. Blavatsky, the quantity awarded to the American Theosophical Society, has been placed in a receptacle in the Society's rooms in New York.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY S. W.

Dost remember the days of old,
When our hearts were young and light,
When our childish joy was without alloy,
And all seem'd fair and bright:
When we danced the sunny hours away,
And imagined all the world at play?

Dost remember the merry time
When we gather'd the cowslips pale,
And sat in the shade, by the oak tree made,
To list to some fairy tale?
How we laughingly search'd each blossom fair
For the fairy we fancied was hiding there?

Dost remember the pureness of heart
In those days of long ago?
Has it been thy lot since thou left the spot
Such sweet content to know?
'Twas a happy time, and I'll ne'er forget!
But, oh! dost thou remember it yet?

With None Between.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVER AND LORD," "WITH A ROD OF IRON," "A MAD LOVE," "DOLLY'S LUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

KITTY accepts all her effusive gush with proud placidity. She finds it hard to bear his father's glance, to listen to his evidently forced speech, but Mrs. Jephson's coming is an infinite relief.

"Thank you, Helen. Perhaps we had better go back to Lord Archdale now. If, as you say, he was impolite enough to tire of a tete-a-tete, he will be bored at being left alone."

She leaves the library, graceful, smiling, self-possessed, and apparently as satisfied with herself and her present position as she has professed herself to be. Her father looks after her with puzzled eyes, and unconsciously utters aloud the thought that perplexes him.

"I thought if I knew any one I knew Kitty; she seemed so frank, so transparently truthful; but now—she is a curious girl."

"She is a clever and ambitious one, and she has done well for herself and for us all. Surely, Quentin, when everything has settled itself so beautifully, you will not be so absurd as to try to unsettle it all!"

Mr. Jephson turns, startled from his reverie by his wife's sharp tone of rebuke. He did not know that she was there, or, sure of her lack of sympathy, would have kept his troubles to himself.

"I shall say nothing, Nell; the matter is past unsettling now."

"Of course it is, and the sooner the marriage takes place the better. I have been talking to Lord Archdale, whose views are very strong upon the subject, and he gives me to understand that Kitty does not object—so I suppose we shall be busy with her trousseau soon."

But this post-haste speed is a little more than even the docile and broken spirit of Quentin Jephson can stand.

"For Heaven's sake, give the child time to turn round in," he cries quite angrily; "Lord Archdale may plead for expedition, if he pleases, but it is hardly decent to let him see how very anxious you are to turn my daughter out of doors."

Mrs. Jephson stares in speechless indignation at this rude address, this astounding revolt on the part of her lamb-like lord. Her face takes a vixenish expression, and, when she recovers self-control enough to speak, her voice is viciously sharp, though she tries to make it playful.

"My dear Quentin, you make your giants and them set out with savage violence to slay them; I had only Kitty's interests at heart, I can assure you. With her, as with other girls of her excitable temperament, delays are dangerous things."

For once Helen Jephson says precisely what she thinks, speaks with full faith in her own words. The shrewd and selfish woman understands the dogged wilfully-blinded fashion in which the girl is walking to her doom, and grudges every second that gives her time to draw back.

"For it will be a horror to her," she thinks with a malicious smile; "Lady Archdale will not tread on velvet and rose-leaves all her married life, unless I am much mistaken in the character of my lord. He resents her coldness and indifference already; there was an under-current of bitterness in his tone to-night; and, though he is sufficiently in love to take her on her own terms just now, he is the sort of man to make her pay for all by-and-by. I do not know that I quite envy her, though I would the kindly fates had sent such a chance to me; but then I am not quite so sensitive, nor is my heart so easy to break. Yes, we must hasten on the marriage; she does not or will not see what lies before her yet; but, if her eyes should open—if any accident should occur—oh, there are dreadful dangers in delay!"

She would be even more sure of this than she is could she follow her stepdaughter to her room, the refuge for which she has longed with a heart-sick passionate longing, while the leaden hours of her betrothal evening drag themselves wearily away—could she see the quick fashion in which the smile with which her "Good nights" are uttered fades, and the shadow of a great and weary bitterness darken the brilliant face—could she hear the moaning cry with which the girl falls upon her knees beside the bed and hides her face on her outstretched arms, not praying or consciously trying to pray, though the attitude is that of prayer, yet mutely and helplessly asking help in the sorest strait her life has yet known!

Yes, delay is surely dangerous for her. Even as she rests her aching head in the old childish fashion against the soft coverlet, strange visions flit before her closed eyes—visions in which she seems to see more clearly than with her waking sight the wicked folly of the promise she has given, its uselessness to help her in any way, its power to bind and fetter her to what in this new dream-wisdom of hers seems nothing less than sin.

While the curious lull in her trouble lasts, she almost feels herself grow brave and strong enough to do what she knows now to be right, to face Lord Archdale's just anger and Helen Jephson's malicious sneers, to take back that iniquitous promise, and be once more free.

"I would tell him all the truth—if that were necessary, I could do even that," she thinks, with a beating heart, "humiliating as the confession might be. I would tell that while Oscar Clifford lives I can marry no one else. Surely he would release me then!"

Thrilled with the new resolution, the new hope, she springs to her feet, only to sink back, faint and trembling, as she remembers that, whether she breaks with Lord Archdale or not, Oscar Clifford will assuredly marry Miss Grandison soon, and in that case her confessed love for another woman's husband will not only be a weapon mercilessly wielded by her adversaries, but before her own conscience a shame and sin.

"A shame I will not endure—a sin of which I will not be guilty!" she cries, blushing vividly, alone and unseen though she is. "There is no fancy we cannot trample under-foot—as I will trample this. I will not forget Oscar. Why should I forget him? We will be very good friends when we meet, when he is Margaret Grandison's husband and—I am Lord Archdale's wife."

There is a curious pitiful ring in her voice as it utters the last words, and the great dark eyes, which are a little dim and misty, wander round as though in search of help nowhere to be found. But Kitty has done with doubt and indecision now. She is feverishly anxious to set some seal on the resolution she has come to, and presently does it in her own way.

From an old-fashioned brass-bound desk, which from childhood has been the receptacle of her girlish treasures, she takes a packet of letters, neatly tied with a ribbon of bright red—not a large packet, nor are the letters it holds of any specially exciting nature, but they are the dearest things Kitty Jephson owns. Nevertheless she burns them one by one, drawing a long breath of relief as the last red spark dies out from the little heap of ashes on the hearth.

"Nothing will be hard after that," she says softly; "I can bear and do anything now, and in a little time I shall forget."

And then she sobs herself to sleep, and dreams of Oscar Clifford all night long.

CHAPTER XIV.

"AND you are really satisfied at last, Clem?"

"Yes; and ready to make a million apologies—to confess myself a dolt, an idiot, or anything else you like—utterly unworthy of your friendship and my incomparable Margaret's love. What shall I say, Clifford, to convince you of my penitence and my remorse?"

"Nothing more, for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow!" Oscar Clifford interrupts. "I would never have asked the question had I known that I should bring such a torrent of apologies about my ears. After all, in the circumstances, your rage was natural enough, though you might at least have trusted Miss Grandison."

"And you——" Clement Moore breaks in, with genuine remorseful eagerness—the fiery young fellow is quite as impetuous in his penitence as he had been in his flaming wrath a few hours back—"I should have known you were too loyal and honest, old fellow, to break faith with me in such a scoundrelly fashion. But, by George, I had some excuse! Just look at that!"

He flings a crumpled tattered American newspaper on the studio table and with a sort of defiant penitence at his friend.

Oscar Clifford picks up the paper and turns its pages gingerly, saying, with a slightly malicious smile—

"The paragraph should not be hard to find, Clem. You have evidently given it sufficient study. Here it is! Now let us see what sort of dragon's teeth 'Our Own Correspondent in Rome' contrived to sow!"

And he reads aloud the following choice morsel—

"'The old country is pretty well accustomed to look to our shores for its supply of female beauty now. The British female, with her thick wit, heavy figure, and slow tongue, is about played out, and does not stand a chance in the high-class marriage market, where our sprightly girls just rake the board and carry off every prize. Everybody who knew lively Maggie Grandison over here, and read how she took the hearts by storm all over Europe, expected to hear that she had landed a duke at least, and to do our fair countrywoman justice we believe the strawberry leaves have more than once been laid at her pretty slim feet. But Maggie is a true Republican and elevates her dainty nose at the best that a bloated oligarchy has to offer. Maggie is deliciously romantic—she despises rank and gold, and is all for that ethereal love which, as the coroneted dramatist tells us,

"'Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre.'

Or, as in Maggie's own case, the palette and paint-pots of a promising but not at present too flourishing painter beside the money-bags of a man who finances half the railways of the States.

"'Public opinion in Rome is much divided as to whether Maggie's dad will ever give his consent to a match that must be so far below his expectations, or bless the young folk in an agreeably auriferous way. But take word of one who knows, and believe me that Miss Maggie Grandison will be transmogrified into Mrs. Oscar Clifford soon. You shall have full accounts of the wedding when it comes off. It will be a splendid gathering of the artistic and the fashionable world.'"

"There! You need not laugh, Oscar," Mr. Moore observes. "Was not that a pleasant thing for a poor jealous wretch to read thousands of miles away? I tell you I felt like murdering the pair of you when I read it; and I feel like whipping 'Our Own Correspondent' now. You don't happen to know anything of him, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, I fancy I do," Oscar says, adjusting a canvas with extreme care; "I happen to have met the ingenuous party once or twice. It crops its hair short and wears gold-rimmed glasses airily perched upon its nose; its attire is fashionable, its tongue sharp, and its voice, when raised in discussion, uncomfortably shrill. On the whole, Clem, whatever your wrongs may be, I don't think you would do much to right them by having any altercation with it."

"You mean 'Our Own Correspondent' is a woman—the wretch!" Clement Moore interjects, with deep disgust. "That means I must let the matter drop then, of course. I cannot even call her to account for that familiar 'Maggie,' which sets my teeth on edge through all my rage."

"No; I am afraid you must grin and bear it, though Miss Grandison is the last sort of person to deserve such language. No doubt she resents it in her own calm way."

"Not she! Maggie has done nothing but laugh since she solemnly forgave me on her own account. She says she cannot forgive me yet on yours, for you have been the kindest and truest friend to her through all this weary time. What an ass I must have been ever to think you anything else!"

"You were," Mr. Clifford assents, with much placidity. "I generally keep a contract when I make one, and in this case have been neither worse nor better than my word. We agreed when you went over to New York that I was to play the part of watch-dog and keep Miss Grandison's admirers at bay, and I have done so pretty successfully, though, let me tell you, Clem, the task was by no means a sinecure."

"I am aware of that," Clem answers, with a slight return of the quick jealous look which seems somehow to suit the Southern beauty of his face.

He is a handsome fellow, a thorough contrast to the tall, blond, blue-eyed Englishman, who, knowing all his good qualities of heart, endures his fierce impulsive outbreaks with characteristic patience and good-humor. These two are friends of some years' standing, and have the link of student days passed in Paris, in London, and in Rome to bind them, and there are mutual confidence and trust. But there is one secret at least which the more reticent Englishman keeps locked within his breast. "I am aware of that, and relieve you now. Mr. Grandison has behaved handsomely, and our engagement will be announced next week. I don't think any of the empty-headed fools who make her life and mine a burden will come fluttering after Maggie then."

Oscar Clifford smiles and goes quietly on with his painting, rejoiced in his heart to be freed from a task that has fettered him more than he cares to own.

He likes and heartily admires Margaret Grandison, but the task of dancing attendance in and out of season on the brilliant American beauty has sadly interfered with the progress of his work, which is very dear to Oscar Clifford for more reasons than one.

Clement Moore looks over his shoulder, studying the picture with keen artistic interest and just a little surprise.

"Hallo, your old model again, Oscar! Has she turned up in Rome? I never could get you to tell me where you found that sweet and thoroughly English face."

"I am painting the face from memory," Oscar answers hastily and evasively; and the other goes on, with a quick and curious side-glance.

"Well, it just does for 'Rosalind.' It is a bright face, full of sense and spirit, and yet a touch of dignity. I could fancy such a Rosalind banished from the Court where she——"

"Never mind your fancies," Mr. Clifford breaks in impatiently. "Here are fresh visitors, Clem—women, too, for I hear their skirts rustling on the stair."

"Maggie, I suppose, and that new friend of hers," Clement cries, running to the doorway with all a lover's haste. "Yes. How do you do, Mrs. Wentworth? You look better this morning. And you have brought Master Georgie!"

"I brought Georgie," Miss Grandison breaks in, with a bright laugh which parts coral lips over little teeth as regular and as gleamingly white as threaded pearls. The girl is beautiful as only an American girl can be—a bewitching creature, fragile yet full of vitality, exquisite alike in form and subtile grace. Superlatives might be exhausted in describing the lustrous violet eyes, the bloom and brightness of the skin, the glory of golden hair, and clear-cut features. Georgie is my friend," she repeats, turning to Oscar Clifford with the explanatory speech; and the little lad she introduces feels a thrill of manly pride as he hears himself so named. "Mr. Wentworth comes by your invitation to see my picture, but Georgie is here by mine."

"Your picture! Have you a fresh one, Maggie?" Clement Moore asks, watching his beautiful betrothed with adoring eyes. But she looks only at the young artist still.

"You have kept our secret well, Mr. Clifford; suppose we keep the picture out of sight for a time. He deserves some punishment for his sins."

"He has been punished enough, I think—eh, Clem?" Oscar asks, with a good-natured smile at his crestfallen friend; while Mr. Wentworth adds gently—

"And I, who deserve no punishment, Maggie—why should I be deprived of my promised treat?"

"Mrs. Wentworth's plea is unanswerable; the picture must be shown," Oscar says, ending the discussion decisively, and leading the way across the large and lofty studio to a corner where a veiled canvas stands.

Clement Moore offers his arm to the fragile widow, feeling really grateful to her for the unobtrusive kindness with which she has espoused his cause, and every now and then casting back reproachful glances at his imperious lady-love, who follows, still laughing and jesting, with her little knight. Stella looks back, too, with a curi-

ous blending of pleasure and anxiety in her wistful gray eyes.

"I hear that I have to congratulate you, Mr. Moore," Mrs. Wentworth says softly, "and it is congratulation indeed! A girl so beautiful is usually spoiled by many worshippers; but Margaret Grandison has a heart of gold. I cannot tell you how kind she was to me and Georgie all the time that I was ill. You have secured a prize."

"I very nearly lost it, and through my own folly, Mrs. Wentworth," the young fellow returns, with an ingenuous flush. It thrills him with pride and joy to hear his peerless Margaret's praise, and yet at the same time recalls his own injustice with a keener pang. "I am in disgrace, as I deserve to be, for I distrusted her and the truest friend a man ever had; and, like an ungrateful ass, let them see it too! Do you think they can ever forgive me such a sin?"

He puts the question with such genuine and boyish earnestness that into Stella Wentworth's sad eyes there comes at least the shadow of a smile.

"I think you are forgiven already, Mr. Moore; and you were surely justified in your mistake. I myself thought Mr. Clifford something more than a friend until I came to know Maggie well; and then—— What is it, dear?"

The last remark is addressed, not to Clement Moore, but to Georgie, who comes running up, his face all flushed and brilliant with the excitement of a great discovery.

"Mother, come here and look! I will not tell you a word; you shall find it all out for yourself. But just come and look at Mr. Clifford's picture, and say whom it is like."

"Like Miss Grandison, I suppose, dear; is it not?"

"Oh, no; not that one! The other picture—of men going to fight and ladies looking on; and the tall one, with pearls in her hair. You must tell me who she is!"

He drags rather than leads her back to the large canvas on which Oscar Clifford had at their entrance been engaged. Moved by curiosity, the others follow. Mrs. Wentworth utters a faint exclamation of surprise as her eyes rest on the well-arranged scene from As You Like It, in which the central figure stands forth in striking relief, gracious and graceful figure to all eyes, a curiously familiar one to Mrs. Wentworth.

"Mother, who is it?" the little lad persists, and she answers instantly—

"There can be no possible doubt, dear—that is"—she turns to Oscar Clifford, who looks and listens with a decided accession of color in his bronzed face—"I am as sure it is Miss Jephson as one can ever be sure of anything in this world of doppelganger and delusions."

"It is Miss Jephson," he answers curtly, so curtly that Miss Grandison, whose lustrous violet eyes are almost as shrewd as beautiful, gives him a quick keen glance.

"Then Miss Jephson is a very handsome girl," she says, in her calmly decisive way. "Is she a great friend of yours, Mr. Clifford—a friend of long ago?"

"A friend of long ago—yes," Oscar murmurs, trying not to show his jealous dislike to the discussion, and covering the canvas with a hasty hand. "But your own portrait,, Miss Grandison; I am waiting to exhibit that."

"Oh, that can wait!" the beauty exclaims. "I want to finish this little story first. I like Miss Jephson's face, and want to hear all about her."

"She is just the jolliest girl in all the world!" Georgie breaks in enthusiastically, his loyalty to the old friend in no way spoiled by his devotion to the new. "You would like her, Miss Grandison; and she is almost as nice-looking as you!"

"And as great a friend of yours, Georgie?"

The boy shakes his head.

"She was more of a friend, you know, because I have known her longer; but I don't suppose she is now, because we live here, and because she is to be married quite soon."

"To be married!"—"Georgie!"

The two exclamations break simultaneously from Oscar Clifford and Mrs. Wentworth, but it is to his mother's cry of half-angry incredulity that Georgie makes reply.

"It is not a story, mother; it is quite true!" he protests. "I heard Harriet talking about it to Woolmer the coachman, yesterday. She is going to be married; and to a nasty old man, Harriet says."

"Harriet talks nonsense," Mrs. Wentworth says, with a desperate attempt at calmness; but her lips are white; and, watching them both closely, Maggie Grandison wonders whether in her eyes or Oscar Clifford's she reads the greater look of pain.

"Harriet talks nonsense, child! How could she possibly know?"

"Mrs. Larkins' maid told her, and Mrs. Larkins hears from Mrs. Jephson generally once a week. And it is all a secret about the marriage, Harriet says. But you will hear more about it very soon."

"You are turning quite a little gossip," Clement Moore puts in drily. He, too, notices the painful confusion of his old friend, the horror of the widow's face, and puts his own interpretation on the one, though the other baffles him completely. "I think we have had a lesson not to put too much faith in matrimonial on dits," he remarks.

"I think so, too," Miss Grandison agrees; "especially as Georgie is so delightfully indefinite, and names no names in the case. An anonymous rival need make no man jealous."

"What do you mean?" Georgie, with the petulance of a child impatient of speeches which he does not understand and which retard the plain tale he has to tell. "I do know the bridegroom's name, mother, only I cannot recall it just now."

"Then we are as wise as we were before," Mr. Moore says, smiling; but Georgie knits his fine brows with an air of profound reflection.

"Ah, but it is true," he says, somewhat contemptuously, "and mother knows; mother will remember the name! It was that old gentleman who was staying at Mr. Jephson's in August; I did not like him—you know—Lord—Lord—what was his name?"

"Do not worry your mother, Georgie; I think she is not very well," Miss Grandison says, moving quickly towards Georgie's mother, whose very lips are white.

But Georgie does not heed the warning; his face lights up as he cries triumphantly—

"I know now—it was Lord Archdale, was it not?"

The appeal is unanswered, for Mrs. Wentworth lies like a dead woman in Maggie Grandison's arms.

CHAPTER XV.

"YOU wished to see me, Mr. Clifford?"

Oscar Clifford turns quickly, a little startled, for, not catching the sound of the opening door, he has thought himself still alone. The large and lofty room is full of shadows; he is not sure it is more than a shadow that confronts him now—white-faced and wavering in the fire-light, with a curious look of distrust and defiance taking the place of the habitual sadness of the great liquid eyes.

The impression of something uncanny about her haunts him, as does another queer fancy, that the sweet voice he has always recognized as her peculiar charm has lost some of its softer notes, and gained a sharp and fevered ring since he heard it last. But he is too deeply interested in his errand to pay more than a fleeting regard to Mrs. Wentworth's vagaries now.

"I have ventured to intrude, when you are hardly strong enough to be troubled with visitors," he says, placing a chair for her and looking with wistful eagerness into the pale face, the delicate features of which seem every second to harden into more rigid lines; "but my great anxiety will—when you understand—excuse, I am sure, my errand in your eyes."

She bends her graceful head, which was once so dark, but which wears almost a crown of silver now. The dark eyes meet his fully, but in an utterly impenetrable gaze.

"Your visit needs no excuse, Mr. Clifford; I am glad to see my friends, or my friends' friends always, but necessarily the object on which you may lay such stress is just a little mysterious to me."

Something slighting and scornful in her manner and words wounds and surprises the young man, but he will not allow himself to take offence.

"It shall not be a mystery long," he answers earnestly. "Dear Mrs. Wentworth, I have no great claim upon your kindness, but you can, if you will, be very kind to me."

"Yes?"

The monosyllable is faintly, almost indifferently interrogative. The woman's whole aspect indicates not the interest he had hoped to excite, but a polite, patient endurance of a confidence that is in itself a bore. Nevertheless Oscar Clifford struggles bravely on with his discouraging task trying to persuade himself that her languor is the result of recent illness only.

"Kinder than any one else, for you can tell me something I would give my life to know. You know Katherine Jephson well——"

A little tightening of the waxen lips, a little darkening of the brilliant eyes, a second's pause, then Mrs. Wentworth answers coldly—

"I know her, yes—as you heard from my little boy. But we were neighbors at a distance, Mr. Clifford—hardly friends."

Oscar Clifford is almost silenced by the words, which seem to forbid further questioning—almost, but not quite, for he remembers the scene in the studio, Mrs. Wentworth's unmistakable agitation and alarm, and he has a sort of uncertain fancy that he reads something of the same feeling in the defiant tone she now adopts. So, with some little hesitation, he says presently—

"After that I should of course say nothing, but the fancy that you can help me is too strong for me to disregard. Georgie, at least, calls Miss Jephson a friend—for his sake you should take some interest in her fate."

"As I do"—the pretty pale lips make an attempt at a smile, most painful and most pitiful to see—"but one cannot help all one's friends, Mr. Clifford. Luckily for most, they stand in no need of such aid, and Miss Jephson——"

Her voice breaks, the shadow of an awful terror falls across her worn face; she cowers back abjectly, catching at the nearest chair-back for support, as she meets Oscar Clifford's angry eyes.

"You do know something!" he cries, forgetting all conventional courtesy and almost all pity for the fragile creature who wilfully thwarts him in his hour of need. "It was no mere chance, no simple accident that made you faint to-day. It was the news of Katherine Jephson's engagement! For some reason that news was a shock—as great a shock to you as to me!"

Mrs. Wentworth's eyes gleam defiantly as she echoes with something like scorn—

"To me! You are fanciful, indeed, Mr. Clifford! Miss Jephson is so charming a girl that I can well understand the news of her marriage being a shock to you or to any man who might have hoped to win her. But how could it be a shock to me?"

"Because you know something of the bridegroom," Oscar says, fixing his eyes upon her face, which grows whiter and more death-like every instant in the gathering gloom. "It was not the news of Miss Jephson's marriage that shocked you so this morning—it was the sound of Lord Archdale's name. Be merciful, Mrs. Wentworth, and tell me all you know of him!"

"Which is nothing, less than nothing!" the woman breaks in fiercely. "Your persistence in this wild idea is frantic folly, Mr. Clifford. I am sorry for you if you have suffered a disappointment, but we all have to suffer in this world, and I am hardly fit to play the part of sympathiser now—I am weak, ill, worn out, as you see."

She stretches out her slender wasted hands, which are almost the hands of a skeleton now. Angry and thwarted as he is, Oscar's eyes lose their hard light as they see the stamp of death on the pale damp brow, the shadow of the terror that is so near, and his voice involuntarily softens.

"I see; and, believe me, Mrs. Wentworth, I feel all the brutality of worrying you; but some instinct stronger than myself tells me that Katherine Jephson's future happiness lies in your hands. It is for that I plead, as I could not and would not plead for my own."

"Of course you have no selfish interests at stake!" Mrs. Wentworth cries, with a pitiful attempt at sarcasm—an effort, so wildly weak that it does not even wake the anger of the man, who sadly shakes his head.

"I hardly know. We are selfish always; but I know at least this, that I am thinking of Kitty's interests, not of my own. There is nothing to conceal in my story, Mrs. Wentworth. I have loved Kitty all my life, and once Kitty loved me. She told me as much three years ago, when I asked her to be my wife. She did not refuse me then, but she told me that she could not desert her father, whose little world she ruled, and to whom, poor child, she thought herself at all; and, like a hot-headed selfish fool, I left her in angry pride, unbound by any tie, unfettered by the promise she wished to give. It seemed to me outrageous that she should place even her father before me."

"But you heard of her father's marriage soon?"

"Not so soon as you think—not for a year after it took place; and then the thought that Kitty cared for and trusted me so little that she would not even recall me in her bitter need only made my jealous anger hotter and fiercer still. I thought, with relief—exultation indeed—that she would now be mine; but at the same time I registered a vow that, until she sent me a word or message, I would not go to her."

"A mad vow—a wicked vow!" the woman breaks in. "A sin for which you are sorely punished!"

"Yes—with the punishment that justly waits on such sin," Oscar agrees, little thinking what a stab he deals with the easily-spoken words. "I deserve no pity, and indeed I ask for none! If my life is spoiled, at least I have spoiled it myself; but with Kitty it is a different thing."

"How do you know that all is not well with her—that she is not quite content with a future that most people would think brilliant enough? Pardon the impolite suggestion, but it is possible that a little natural vanity blinds you here to the real facts of the case. May it not be that Miss Jephson has forgotten you, or, at any rate, forgotten that you held her by any fancied claim?"

"It may well be so," Oscar answers steadily, "it probably is, Mrs. Wentworth, for she is a proud high-spirited girl, and I know now how sorely I have tried both her temper and her pride. I have deserved and can bear my own fate. If Kitty even likes and respects—for she is hardly the sort of girl to love twice—the man she is to marry—if the marriage is one in which she will be safe and happy, in Heaven's name, let it go on! I have neither the right nor the wish to interfere."

His voice, harsh, rough, and broken with the overmastering passion of earnestness, falls with force on Mrs. Wentworth's ear; she cowers before him in abject terror, not daring to meet the clear blue eyes which darken almost to blackness in their passionate appeal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE COLORS COME FROM.—The cochineal insects furnish a great many of the very fine colors. Among them are the gorgeous carmine, the crimson, scarlet carmine, and purple lakes.

The cuttle fish gives the sepia; it is the inky fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked.

Indian yellow comes from the camel. Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

The exquisite Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs, and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. This color was discovered accidentally.

Various lakes are derived from roots, barks, and gums. Blue-black come from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp-black is soot from certain resinous substances.

Turkey red is from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan. The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge; the natives catch the sap in cocoanut-shells.

Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also an earth found near Umbria, and burnt.

India ink is made from burnt camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture. Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian Archipelago.

Bistre is the soot of wood ashes. Very little real ultramarine is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price.

Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and native vermillion is from the quick-silver ore called cinnabar.

ANSWERS AT SCHOOL.—The following notes on domestic economy are selected from the answers given at a recent examination of girls between twelve and sixteen years of age.

"Beef is a useful article of food obtained from different animals, such as cow, sheep, pig, etc. The lean of beef belongs to the animal kingdom, and the fat to the vegetable."

"Butter is good for the brain. If a man lives without food for a considerable time—say sixty days—he will die at the end of a month, or if the constitution is delicate he may only live for a week or less."

"Lawn is a soft stuff made from the wool of the lawn, an animal in South America. It is also part of the flesh of the cow or sheep—the rib part."

"Shoddy is a drink made from a mixture of ale and sugar. It is the leather before it goes through the process of making into boots and shoes, and for this reason it is called shoddy. It is a kind of whiskey."

"Calico is a good heat conductor because it catches fire very easily."

THE FLYING YEARS.

O my love, my Queen of May,
The light of youth is gone,
Thy balmy tresses gather gray,
Thy rosy lips are wan.
Will thy true eyes alter yet,
And their nuptial smile forget?

O my love, will Time deceive,
Will he wither true Love so?
There is more in Love, believe,
Than the silly nations know;
More in Love, when bloom is dead,
Than the rose-wreath round his head.

O my love, and if thou need
Harbor when the north winds blow;
If thy tender footprints bleed
On the flints among the snow;
Love will raise a sheltered cot,
Where the ice-blast enters not.

O my true love we are wise:
When snow whitens all our land,
Underneath the cloudy skies
We will travel hand in hand;
Since we have not far to go
To our rest beyond the snow.

Two Holidays.

BY C. M. B. HUNT.

IT was Christmas Eve in the year 18—, and the terrible winter which followed close on the heels of a late and dripping summer had already, with a frost of forty days' duration, pressed hardly on the weak and hungry among the toilers for daily bread.

But to the young and vigorous who, well fed and warmly clad, could defy the elements, the frost had been the source of keen enjoyment, and had added a fresh zest to existence.

To the latter class belonged Miss Olive Rokeby, who, seated in the warm and cheerful drawing-room of Templeton Rectory, in Woodlandshire, was a living picture of health and good humor.

The only child of the easy-going but excellent Rector of a little rural parish, and his energetic, "managing" wife, Olive was, at nineteen years of age, a girl who had seen and read little of the darker side of life, and whose philosophy (inherited from her father) led her to take with a contented mind all the happiness that came in her way. A beauty she was not, for her features were not classical, nor even regular, but with her abundant chestnut-brown hair, clear complexion and bright hazel eyes, Olive was one of those winsome, wholesome-looking girls who uphold the reputation of Anglo-Saxon maidens against all comers.

About half-a-mile from the Rectory was the "big house" of the village, Templeton Manor, which at the date of our story was the home of Mr. Edward Harvey, or "Squire Harvey," as he was universally called.

Educated at Eton and Christ Church and still something of a student, Mr. Harvey was well content to spend his life on his own estate, among his own tenants, and to devote himself to the performance of those multifarious duties which occupy the time of men of the best type of that invaluable class—English country gentleman.

Happily for the village, the Squire and Rector were on the best possible terms, and the Squire's two daughters were Olive's warmest friends, while young Charles Harvey, the son and heir, who had just completed his first term at Oxford, was as frank and fraternal and almost as unflattering as if he had indeed been her brother.

The day had been a busy one, for Christmas time in Templeton parish was not allowed to lose any of its ancient glories, and good cheer for the old folk, with amusements also for the young ones, had to be furnished in abundance.

The church, too, had to be decorated with holly and evergreens in various devices dear to the eyes and hearts of the simple country-folk.

Olive had been nearly all day at the Manor House or the church, and was now resting herself in a low chair drawn close to her mother, whose active fingers were busy knitting socks for her favorites in the village.

"Arthur should be here by this time," said Mrs. Rokeby, glancing at the clock and then at her daughter, whose only reply was a faint smile and blush.

Just then, however, the sound of wheels on the frost-bound carriage drive announced an arrival, and the Rector's cheery voice was heard giving a hearty welcome to the guest. Another minute and Mrs. Rokeby was shaking hands in her cordial, motherly way with Arthur Talbot, before handing him over to her daughter, whose greeting, as became a modest maiden, was less demonstrative, though by no means cold.

The visitor made so welcome at the Rectory was a fair, somewhat pale man about twenty-six years of age, of medium height, and with an interesting and refined rather than handsome face. Arthur Talbot was the son of an old college friend now dead, and had been from his boyhood on intimate terms with the Rokebys. Of late, however, since Talbot had been taken into his uncle's bank in the City, the visits had been fewer and briefer, and the frank boy-and-girl friendship between the young people had changed—almost unconsciously on her part—into the warmer and more subtle sentiment of love.

The Rector and his wife were not blind to the state of affairs, and by no means averse to the probable issue, but nothing had occured at this date to justify any allusion to the subject either to Talbot or their daughter.

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Christmas Day brought no visible change in the weather, but to those who knew the signs of an impending thaw, the possibility of the "holiday-meet" of the Hurstbourne Hounds taking place after all, was eagerly discussed by the young people at the Manor and Rectory, and indeed in nearly every house in the village.

This annual fixture was very popular, for the kennels were ten miles off, and foxes were not plentiful in the Templeton coverts, so that the meet, which for many years had been held on the lawn in front of the Manor House during Christmas week, was quite an event.

The Rector, who, after morning service, became somewhat unclerical and mundane in his conversation and tastes, entered into the discussion as heartily as any of his flock, and when as the day drew to a close, the wind backed to the S. W. and a white mist rose from the ground, he knew the frost was going, and that the M. F. H.—a kind-hearted man—would not disappoint them on the morrow.

The Rectory stable was a very modest one, the stud consisting of a powerful horse which drew the family wagonette, or carried the Rector as required, and a pretty little mare, nearly thorough-bred, ridden by Olive, who was an accomplished horsewoman. On previous visits, Arthur Talbot had been mounted on a quiet horse lent by one of tenant-farmers, but on this occasion Olive and her friends at the Manor had decreed that he should be provided with a mount of better quality from the Squire's stables.

A recent purchase (a four-year-old Irish mare), not yet up to the Squire's weight, was declared to be just the thing for Talbot, and after lunch on Christmas Day he was taken up to the stables to inspect the steed. Now Talbot was no coward, and had done a certain amount of riding from his childhood, but London life gave him few chances of riding "across country," and he knew that his seat in the saddle was not so good as it had been a few years previously.

It was therefore with some uneasiness that Talbot noticed the quality of the hunter which young Harvey declared would "carry him like a bird." Clever she certainly looked, and fully up to his ten stone, but there was a restless gleam about her eyes and a nervous twitch of her ears, which Arthur was "horsey" enough to recognize as indicating more or less of "hot" temper. He said nothing, however, of these points in the presence of the Squire's family, and the groom received instructions to have "Lady Glandore" (as the mare was called) thoroughly "fit" if the weather proved favorable.

That evening young Harvey and one of his sisters dined at the Rectory, and a merry party it was which met in the old-fashioned dining-room, and did full justice to Mrs. Rokeby's seasonable dishes, and the Rector's vintage port, reserved for high days and holidays.

Olive, was, as her mother noticed, unusually sweet and gracious in her manner to Arthur Talbot that evening, and as he looked at the girl's honest face, glowing with health and high spirits, he felt that could he be sure of her love, his honor and his future happiness would be safe in her keeping. The weather prophets were jubilant when the long-looked-for morning broke dull and cloudy, while a steady sou'-wes'er rapidly melted what little snow was still visible.

The Rectory party were to be early at the Manor House, so that they might make a good meal before the hungry riders from all the country side came crowding in to enjoy the Squire's generous hospitality.

The Rector drove his wife and daughter and Talbot to the breakfast, Olive's mare being brought on by the groom later, while Arthur was to mount at the Squire's stables.

It was with considerable relief that he found himself tolerably firm on Lady Glandore's back, in spite of an awkward plunge as soon as he mounted, and he managed to pacify the mare while he waited for Olive, who was put into the saddle by the Squire himself.

Like many girls who are both fond and proud of a man, Olive was morbidly sensitive to any sign of inferiority on Arthur's part in the sports and accomplishments which occupy so large a share of a country gentleman's life. She looked, therefore, with no little anxiety to see how Arthur managed the fidgety mount which had been selected for her father's guest.

Once off—and the master prided himself on his punctuality, even after a hunt-breakfast—Talbot found the mare less troublesome, and before he took his first fence he had settled down in his saddle, and his spirits rapidly rose, till he was in full enjoyment of that marvelous sensation which is felt by a well-mounted horseman who is going the pace and is taking his fences with comfort to his horse and himself.

To describe the feeling is impossible, but those who know it by experience realize that it is probably the highest form of physical enjoyment of which a healthy man is capable. There was a large field out, including riders of all degrees of skill or ignorance, while not a few enthusiastic sportsmen, too old or too heavy to ride, followed the hounds on wheels till finally lost to view.

For the first hour—the pace being fairly good and the checks frequent enough to give the horses a chance of getting their wind—Olive rode in company with young Harvey, one of his sisters and Talbot, and had no occasion to feel ashamed of Arthur's performances. Then came "a kill," after which the hounds were put into an extensive gorse covert to find, if possible, a second fox. There was the usual dismounting, adjusting of girths and curb-chains, and a hurried attack on sandwich-cases and spirit-flasks, followed by lighting of cigars and cigarettes by many of the men.

A good hour elapsed before the hounds were once more in full cry, and Lady Glandore, who had grown extremely restive during the delay, was by this time in a thoroughly nasty temper and inclined to rush at the fences which, in this part of the country, were decidedly awkward. The "brief December day" was already growing dusk, when Olive exclaimed:

"Why, here is the Darley Mill stream, and we must be quite ten miles from home."

It was evident that the stream (some twelve feet wide and now swollen and muddy, owing to the melted snow) must be crossed if the hounds were to be kept within sight or sound. Young Harvey and his sister did not hesitate a moment, and putting their well-trained hunters at the water, landed safely on firm ground, while Olive's little mare, with her shorter stride, followed their lead, and with a scramble recovered herself as her hind legs touched the rotten bank.

But Talbot's difficulties culminated at this juncture, for his mare hated water, and finding her rider was not resolute in putting her at the jump, she refused and reared up. Olive called to the Harveys to wait for Arthur, who irritated by Charles Harvey's half-jesting, half-angry injunctions to "ram in the spurs, and send her across," took the mare back a few yards, and punishing her savagely with whip and spur, rushed her full speed at the water once more. But it was no use: and stopping dead at the very edge, the mare shot Talbot clear over her head into the middle of the stream.

Olive could not resist a slight scream at seeing this mishap, but was re-assured when she saw Arthur regain the bank, and wet and dirty and minus his hat—which had floated down with the current—catch the mare, who, with heaving flanks, stood half-frightened at the result of her deviltry. But Harvey's patience was exhausted, and having given a hasty recommendation to Talbot to ride on to the bridge a mile lower down, he called to the ladies to make up lost ground, and the three rapidly disappeared.

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Arthur's feelings, both physical and mental, were far from pleasant ones, and after crossing the bridge he struck on what seemed to be the nearest road home. Half-an-hour later—the dusk meanwhile rapidly changing to darkness—Arthur found himself on the verge of a thick wood, apparently some hundred of acres in extent, and which, though he knew it by name and on the map, he had never been in, so far as he could remember. The path leading down to the wood was embowered in trees, and raising his hunting-crop to save his uncovered head from a branch, it was caught and wrenched out of his hand.

Dismounting to pick up his whip Talbot incautiously dropped his reins. In less time than it takes to write it the mare had disappeared in the deep shadows of the wood, and Talbot was confronted with a very awkward situation; alone, unmounted, tired, ignorant of his road, and already past four o'clock on a winter afternoon! But his heart and his common sense did not fail him, and having taken his bearings as best he could in the last gleams of twilight, he stepped boldly along the only path, or rather track, which he could discover.

A few yards further he caught sight of a dog—evidently some poacher's lurcher after game—which was on its way out of the wood, and having made friends with the animal (Arthur was always trusted by dogs and children) he followed this guide till a church tower, seen through the trees, told him he was close to a village.

At the little inn he was lucky enough to hear of the missing mare, which had been met by two yokels and taken to the Vicarage stable for shelter. After a liberal tip to his guides and the vicar's man, Arthur lost no time in re-mounting and trotting home to Templeton.

He went straight to the Rectory and gave directions for the mare to be well cared for before sending her back to her own stable. The Rector and his wife were greatly relieved at seeing their guest safe home, and Olive who had returned two hours earlier, showed genuine concern on hearing of Arthur's misfortunes, and insisted on his taking every precaution to ward off the effects of his wetting and fatigue.

Her sympathy gave Arthur the tonic he needed, and he went down to an eight o'clock dinner, determined to put his fate to the touch before the evening was over. It was, therefore, with considerable vexation that he found Charles Harvey, one of the party, when he went down to dinner.

Like many men, though pleased enough to see his friend safe and sound, Harvey could not forbear from indulging in sly hits at Talbot's adventures, which, though he knew full well how easily they might have ended in a tragedy, he contrived to put in a more or less ridiculous light.

Olive, though feeling ashamed of her cowardice, did not say the one word of remonstrance which would have stopped Charles Harvey's idle banter; and when in the drawing-room Talbot seated himself at her side, she remained painfully conscious of the poor figure he had cut that afternoon.

Arthur's love for her was too sincere for him to be blinded by egotism; and he instinctively divined her feelings and the cloud which had risen up between them. They parted that night, therefore, without any avowal of his affection. Olive had her "bitter hour" when she retired to her own room, but she determined that her pride should no longer make her feign an indifference which she did not feel.

Talbot was to leave about 2 P. M. the next day, and Olive meant to join him at breakfast which would be late after so fatiguing a day. The post brought, however, an urgent summons from his uncle to return at the earliest possible moment, as one of the cashiers had been taken ill, and Arthur, having explained the position to the Rector, left a message of "Good-bye" for the ladies, and returned to London by the early express, which he was able to catch at a neighboring junction.

The rector divined something was amiss, but to his brief comment of "Poor Arthur!" his wife replied with an equally brief "Poor Olive!" Mother-like she had read her daughter's heart, and had seen the struggle which had been going on between a maiden's first and fervent love and a foolish unreasonable feeling of disappointment that the man she loved was not at least the equal of, if not superior to, all other men she knew.

* * * * * *

Talbot carried a heavy heart back to town, and his duty-teller to his hostess was brief and formal. The pressure of business and City life gave him, however, little leisure to brood over his disappointment, and after a time a healthier sentiment returned and he began to make allowances for Olive and to hope for a happier visit at Easter.

Circumstances, however, soon arose

which completely altered his plans for the year.

His uncle's bank was connected with an important Colonial house in Australia, and rumors of reckless management out there had made old Mr. Talbot uneasy and very anxious to test their accuracy. Talking it over with his nephew the old man suddenly put the question:

"Why can't you go out there for six or eight months, Arthur, and get things straight?"

"If you wish it, sir, I will go," was Arthur's loyal response.

"I do wish it, my boy," said his uncle, as he offered his hand to Arthur, and so it was settled.

In less than a week Talbot had started for Australia. He had no time for letter-writing, and he knew that the cloud between Olive and himself could not be dispersed except at a personal interview.

So weeks and months rolled by, and all Arthur's tact and ability were needed to check and eventually to alter the ruinous policy which had been pursued by the manager of the Colonial bank.

His life too was an active one and involved many long journeys on horseback, when he rode every kind of steed and soon learnt to master even the most hardened of Colonial buck-jumpers.

* * * * * *

It wanted only a few days to Christmas when Arthur found himself once more in London, where his uncle gave him a cordial welcome, and a very substantial recognition of his services to the bank.

Although he had not written a line to his good friends at Templeton since his formal note nearly twelve months ago, Arthur was hoping that Mrs. Rokeby would hear of his return and invite him down there for Christmas, and when Christmas Eve came and there was no letter his disappointment was keen. To spend Christmas Day alone in chambers was a novel and not a happy experience. The weather too was damp and muggy, and if welcome to hunting men was depressing in the last degree to everyone else.

The following day while glancing at The Field in the reading-room of his club, Arthur's eye caught the list of fox-hunting fixtures for the week, and noticed that the Hurstbourne pack would meet the next Thursday at Templeton Manor.

A "happy thought" occurred to Talbot, and losing no time in acting on it, he found himself next day in comfortable quarters at an old-fashioned hotel in the Hurstbourne country.

Having telegraphed to the landlord to provide him a good mount, he was pleased to find a powerful, well-bred horse, which he saw at a glance was just the hunter for heavy going. Sending his horse on early, Talbot had himself driven to the meet in time to see the hounds put into the Manor coverts.

A beard grown while in Australia had considerably altered his appearance, and the out-door life and warm sun had bronzed his complexion, so that, except by intimate friends, Arthur might easily remain unrecognised.

The ground was sodden and heavy from the rains, but there was a cold wind blowing and a gray look about the sky which to those who read "the signs of the heavens," betokened an early change of weather and possible snow.

Talbot, keeping some distance from the hounds, soon caught sight of the Squire's familiar figure and a group of riders, among whom he noticed Miss Harvey and Olive mounted on her little mare. Arthur's heart gave an uneasy throb, and he vowed he would know the best or the worst before he left the county.

There were two excellent runs that day though the going was terribly heavy, and only powerful horses, such as Arthur was riding, could stand the work without showing distress. Once or twice Olive was so near, that Arthur thought she must have seen him, but if so, she showed no sign of recognition.

As the afternoon drew on, the half-dozen still with the hounds found themselves in the same wood where Arthur had met with his adventure the previous year. The dusk had become almost darkness as they rode in single file and Talbot had to look carefully to his horse to avoid a blunder or a fall.

The wind had got round to the N. E. and a fine rain, which froze as it fell, made even the huntsman and his whips anxious to get back to the kennels. Half-blinded by the sleet, Arthur had not noticed that in front of him was a little mare, evidently "done," and scarcely able to carry her rider, a lady whose head was bent low to avoid the biting blast.

The noise of a fall and of a struggling horse, followed by the sharp cry of a woman in pain, roused Talbot to the full exercise of his wits, and he was out of his saddle and beside the fallen horse and its rider in less than a minute. To his horror—and yet almost with a savage joy—he recognised Olive, who was unable to free herself from the mare which lay exhausted on its side.

With a touch of his whip and a kind word, Arthur induced the poor beast to struggle up and set its young mistress free with happily no worse results than a severe shaking and bruises. Raising the girl tenderly on his arms, he carried her half fainting and placed her on his own saddle, and then supporting her with his right arm and leading the mare with his disengaged hand, Arthur plodded on till the same Vicarage was reached where he had recovered Lady Glandore the previous year, when he handed poor Olive over to the kind and sympathetic wife of the Vicar. Not a word had passed during the painful procession through the wood, and Arthur rode off full speed to Templeton as soon as Olive was in good hands. Though uneasy at the lateness of the hour, Olive's parents had not suspected any accident, and they were very indignant with the Harveys for letting her find her way alone on such an evening. As a matter of fact the brother and sister had become separated and each thought Olive was under the escort of the other. The Rector's carriage was sent for Olive, and a message despatched to the hotel where Arthur and his horse would be expected ere this. Mrs. Rokeby would not hear of his leaving the Rectory that night, and sent him upstairs to have a warm bath while his clothes were dried and dinner prepared.

The good old hunter was meantime well cared for in the Rector's stable. Olive and Arthur did not meet till dinner-time, and then greetings were somewhat constrained; but when Arthur, refreshed by the Rector's good cheer, had recovered his spirits, he told with modest pride the story of his Australian visit and his improved prospects. Olive said little, but her eyes told him what he longed to hear from her lips. After dinner the Rector recollected he had some accounts to make up and retired to his study, where his wife found an excuse to follow him and the two young people were alone.

Arthur's recent experiences had cured his timidity, and Olive had learnt a lesson she was not likely to forget. What they had to explain, to confess, and to forgive one another was deeply interesting to the happy lovers, but need not be set down here. It was the old, old story, and to lift the veil in idle curiosity is to profane the picture.

The Rector and his wife took Arthur to their hearts as a man of whom they and their daughter might well be proud. Nor was the uncle in London less pleased, and he showed his appreciation of Arthur's conduct by giving him a share in the bank which made the "ways and means" question a very easy one to answer.

Before Easter week had passed, a very popular and (so all the ladies said) a very pretty wedding had taken place in Templeton Church. Among the presents which poured in from rich and poor, was one which had a special value and significance for Arthur and his bride. The Squire's wedding gift was the Irish mare Lady Glandore (who after a year's schooling had proved a perfect hunter and hack), and needless to say she remained "first favorite" in the Talbots' stables for the rest of her days.

An Official Rube.—A Russian nobleman in St. Petersburg, suspected of conspiracy, received a midnight visit from some officers. He was blind-folded, whirled into a closed carriage, and for seven days and nights the vehicle was travelling, the only stoppage being when he and his guardians took food. He thought he had reached the border of Siberia when the carriage halted, and he was led forth. The bandage was removed from his eyes, and he saw he was at his own door. The whole affair was a trick to cure him of the desire to aid the Government's enemies. It was a success.

A Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, and General Lassitude, denotes the want of a Tonic, which you can supply by using Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It will cure most derangements of the Stomach, in old or young, and rids the body of Worms—the common pests of childhood. Sold by all Druggists.

A CHINESE DINNER PARTY.

A residence of some years in the Celestial country (writes a correspondent) enables me to describe correctly a Chinese dinner untainted by any barbarian element. The topic is one of much interest, and I must enter upon it by begging my readers to dismiss from their minds the widely spread idea that a Chinaman dines off puppy dogs, and the equally erroneous idea that the common rat is a favorite article of food. There is a puppy eaten, but it is a very rare delicacy, the animal used being very scarce in Pekin. The eating of the troublesome rodent is confined to people in dire poverty.

Birds'-nest soup and Chinese dinners are inseparably connected in the generality of minds, but the nests from which the soup is made are very rare and consequently very expensive; only the wealthiest, and not many of those, indulge in it.

The Celestial dinner party is unique in its arrangement, and is both elaborate and methodical. The first thing which strikes the foreign guest, and perhaps surprises him, is the absence of ladies. They never appear in any circumstances.

The tablecloth is invariably of the festive color—red. To the Chinese eye a white cloth is a ghastly object, white being deep mourning.

Each guest finds before him a wine-cup, small soy-saucer, spoon, two-pronged fork, plate divided into two sections, containing almonds and melon-seeds, chopsticks, and some small pieces of paper for cleansing the various articles upon. Presently a multiplicity of small dishes, generally sixteen in number, and containing a variety of things—fresh, dried, and candied fruits, fish, pickled cabbage, eggs, ham, and other things are placed upon little four-legged tables, each about two feet six inches square.

The feast begins with a cup of wine, the cups having been filled by the host. These opening miniature bumpers are never filled by a servant. As the host fills his own little drinking-vessel each guest places his right hand on the right side of his cup and bends gracefully over it. The drinking of these cups is simultaneous and done at a signal from the entertainer. The cups do not leave the lips till they have been drained, when they are placed upon the table upside down.

The dinner proper consists of a number of courses large and small, each contained in a single bowl placed midway between each two guests, both of whom dip spoon, fork, or chopsticks as occasion requires.

The following menu will afford a very good idea of what a foreigner privileged to partake of a strictly conservative Chinese gentleman's hospitality might expect to have placed before him:

Sharks' fins with crab sauce.
Pigeons' eggs stewed with mushrooms.
Sliced sea-slugs in chicken broth with ham.
Wild duck and Shan-Tung cabbage.
Fried fish.
Pork fried in rice flour.
Stewed lily roots.
Chicken mashed with ham.
Stewed bamboo shoots.
Stewed shell fish.
Slices of pheasant, fried.
Mushroom broth.

Remove—Two dishes of fried pudding, one sweet, the other salt. Two dishes of steamed puddings, sweet and salt. Cup of almond gruel.

Sweetened duck.
Boned chicken fried in oil.
Boiled fish.
Mutton fried in pork fat.

One or two other features deserve notice.

A small wash-basin (it would scarcely be correct to call it a finger-bowl) containing a small towel is passed to each guest when the last course has been partaken of, that he may cleanse his lips and hands. The towel is saturated with hot water. After a short interval tea, tobacco and pipes are provided, the pipes somewhat massive metal articles of a hubble-bubble type, the tobacco of a pale yellow and very mild description. The cups in which the tea is served are of the thinnest porcelain, dainty in pattern, and without handles.

Thirty-five fire engine companies held a quick-hitching contest in San Francisco recently. A driver, with two horses under the harness, hooked up, mounted the seat, and pulled clear in six seconds. He went to bed, and turned out, dressed, ran down stairs, hitched, climbed in his seat, pulled clear, and rolled forty-six feet ten inches in twenty-five and one-half seconds. With horses in their stalls he hitched, was in his seat and clear in thirteen and three-quarter seconds.

Scientific and Useful.

To Restore the Color of Silks.—When the color of silks has been destroyed by any strong acid, it may be restored by carefully wetting the spot with a strong soap lather, to which a little saleratus has been added. When the color has been taken out by fruit stains ammonia will restore it.

Indelible Marking Ink.—Nitrate of silver, two drachms; distilled water three ounces. Dissolve. Moisten the spot to be marked with a concentrated solution of carbonate of potassa, to which a little gum water must be added. When the spot has become dry, write upon it with the solution of nitrate of silver.

Lighthouse Signals.—An interesting test of a new system of lighthouse signals was made off New Haven, Connecticut, last week. By an ingenious combination of the usual lighthouse lenses and light, together with a system of shutters, the captain of the lighthouse board is able to throw any number agreed upon to represent a given harbor to great distances in a horizontal plane. A reference to a "port book" would then show the master of a vessel his location beyond doubt. Engineers were well pleased with the result of the experiment.

A Meteorological Balloon.—M Renard of France thinks he has obtained a cloth and varnish at once sufficiently light and impervious to hydrogen to make a balloon which will put below itself eleven-twelfths of the earth's atmosphere, ascending to a height of twelve miles. His proposition is to equip such a balloon with a self-registering barometer, thermometer and actinometer and then set it free. The instruments are to be packed in a sort of interior skeleton of light willow work. The weight of the whole thing is only twenty pounds, and nearly half this is allotted to the meteorological apparatus. The estimated cost of each ascent is ten dollars.

Farm and Garden.

Fattening Sheep.—A good grain for fattening sheep is shelled corn one-half, barley or rye one-quarter, all by weight, or, still better, substitute one-fourth of the corn with cotton-seed meal.

Breeding.—There are instances where a breeding sow has been kept a dozen years or more, but, as a rule, it is believed that seven years is the limit of profulness as a breeder. When she holds up her head like a cow in feeding it shows that she is losing her teeth and not to be kept longer for breeding purposes.

Mushroom Culture.—Mushrooms may be raised in plenty in old frames or at the back of a shed. Get together a good heap of short dung that has been fermented, spread it out, and turn twice, at intervals of a week; then add turfy loam in the proportion of one-sixth, and make up the bed eighteen inches deep, beating it down well as the work proceeds.

Experiments.—Experimental plots show that enormous yields can be secured by the use of large amounts of fertilizers and giving extra care. It is true that no field has yet given the comparative yields that have been secured from small plots, but as long as increased yields can be obtained on plots of limited area the fact stands forth that the same results are possible on larger areas.

Hot Weather.—Hot, suffocating weather is depressing on dairy interests in many ways, and a hot wave is especially dreaded by manufacturers. On the farm the cows give less milk, for they are lolling in the shade instead of grazing, and it requires the utmost vigilance and care to keep the milk sweet and untainted for 12 hours. The advantage of the shade trees and plenty of pure water in the pasture becomes very great in torrid weather for the comfort of the animals and the perpetuation of a normal quality and quantity of milk.

$100 Reward $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Concerning Worry.

Worry is the most dangerous penalty of modern progress. One of the commonest expressions used by doctors, when their patients seek a remedy for the nervous wear and tear and exhaustion which our over-busy life entails, is that "worry kills, not work."

Worry is the attempt to do half a dozen things at once, like a conjurer's trick, but to do it seriously and constantly, with strained attention. And worry is finally the fear of the slow crushing grind that comes with failure in an age when failure means the loss of much that we have thought best worth having. Too much to do, too little time for the effort, uncertainty as to the outcome, and fear of being forced back into the gulf where the unsuccessful are lost—these form the component parts of business worry.

Mental irritation of the same character as is produced by business uncertainties may be felt in a lighter form, though not less persistently, by mothers who are never free from the care of a young family. How seldom do we recognize the wear and tear that rack the women who are rearing a large family!

We meet a woman whom we knew as a merry girl, plump, bonny, and high-spirited; only half a dozen years have passed, but she is angular, drawn, dragged down, sharp-faced, weary, pale, and dispirited—an aged care-worn outline of her former self. The difference has been made for the most part by the unceasing worry of a band of children, too dear for neglect, too lively to admit of rest.

It is not only that the anxious mother must be always afoot, working in ways that are overlooked when men reckon up the total of toil and average the hours of labor, but she has a constant nerve friction to withstand in the succession of anxieties that make up her day.

The little girl's injunction to her companion, "Go and see what baby is doing, and tell it it mustn't," has often been laughed at, but it is an index-finger to a world of care suffered by solicitous mothers.

Of course the troubles of the household are chiefly small; they are not comparable to the grave difficulties with which the father battles if he is fighting his way in the world of business; but none the less they form a disagreeable companionship; and they induce that state of irritability and nerve sensitiveness which is the distinguishing symptom of worry.

To all who feel the worry of life wearing the nerves and corroding the temper, there must come at times feelings like those that visit the country-born man who has lived long in towns. He grows tired of the noise and stir, the dust and smells, the thronging crowds that are so strange and indifferent, steeled to suspicion by the prevalence of roguery. He longs for the country, where the air comes in cool pure morning baths, felt even before the window is opened, where the silence is deepened by the contrast of occasional sounds, where man fades out of sight and becomes only an inconsiderable item in any scene. To get away into the restful country, where all life is slow, contented, animal, becomes a passion.

Feelings akin to these visit us when we think of the days gone by, when worries were few, or of places where mankind now thinks and acts in a leisurely way. No doubt they had their worries in olden times, either natural or manufactured, and some of them were beyond any that we now have—as, for instance, the "Stand and deliver" dangers of a journey in the quietude of the last century; but, on the whole, we look back with envy on their long calm wastes of time.

Give us time to sleep and recuperate, to be very quiet and receptive, to vegetate and enjoy the world as plants and animals luxuriate and expand under the gentle influences of Nature—that is the heart's cry of the worried man.

Well, well, we shall never reach the Happy Isles for which mankind has always yearned, and, if we did, enjoyment would soon cloy. Arcadia, in its seeming simplicity, is as full of anxieties as the most thronged town. There is no hiding-place into which care will not follow, and the only way to master the sense of worry is to master ourselves. There is something ignoble in the idea of being hampered, not by work, but by the thought of work; for that is what worry amounts to. It is not the thing itself—the labor, the sorrow, the pain—but the phantom of the thing waylaying us that takes away the nerve and strength.

A small boy, asked at school to define the word "fear," wrote that it is "a haunting sense of something strange and hurtful that grows on you until you cannot face that which is before you." That boy had been in terror out in dark nights. And nine-tenths of the things about which we worry are equally vague, impalpable, brain-made, and may be overcome by common sense and resolution. The worries of work may generally be overcome by method. Some men who have the power of organization and methodical arrangement, and who can "keep their heads" when the unusual breaks in upon them, seem to be beyond the reach of worry. Arrangement and intense concentration upon each successive point in the arrangement are the secret of such perfect coolness.

If all our duties were taken one by one with isolation and concentration, worry would be unknown, or could come only through too prolonged effort. But, however well we may negotiate work, there always come times when we must get away from it if we would escape its crippling effect, though it be only to slip, like Arnold, into the quiet gardens amid "the girdling city's hum," and there to reach that sense of the "calm soul of all things," and to feel how Nature's quiet ministers move on doing their glorious tasks in silence.

THE unsuccessful often forget the intermediary steps that lie between the base and pinnacle of glory; they storm the tempting heights at once, and sink exhausted at the base. They that toil with the right means, at the right time, in the right spirit, for a reasonable and possible success, generally attain it—if not in one form, then in another, even if in no form than in the satisfaction of having nobly striven and nobly failed.

IF a man finds that he is everywhere esteemed, considered honorable and trustworthy, he will be stimulated to become still more so. If he finds every one suspecting him, he will much more easily succumb to temptation. And so with all other merits and demerits, showing how powerful a factor in human life is the emphasis we use.

IT is not sufficient to expound to the rising generation principles of integrity, and enforce them by weighty arguments; we must also nourish the germs of benevolence in their hearts, and cultivate the aptitude for reading and interpreting the feelings of others, and the power of participating in their pleasures and pains.

THERE is no labor so productive as that which we give to an object for its own sake. The more we forget ourselves in our doings the greater the returns they will yield. The more we are willing to lose our life in our pursuit the more surely we shall find in it the fruit of our work.

HE who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

ENVY is no less foolish than detestable. It is a vice which keeps no holiday, but it is always working upon its own disquiet.

IT is hard to find people in misfortune who will not tell you that somebody else was to blame for it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R.—The Anakim of the Bible were the descendants of Anak. They dwelt in Hebron, and were of great stature and strength.

M. A. S.—Biting the finger-nails in children may be checked by placing on the tips of their fingers while asleep a solution of bitter aloes. In adults it is a stinging habit, fostered either by deep thought or spitefulness, and can only be cured by the constant ridicule of friends and acquaintances.

P. T. L.—The man who built the first locomotive was Richard Trevithick, of England. This was in the year 1803. His engine was tried on February 21, 1804, when it conveyed ten tons of bar iron in trucks and seventy people a distance of nine miles. George Stephenson's first engine was built in 1814.

SHARON.—You are clearly in the wrong. If your fellow-passenger sat nearest the window facing the engine he, by railway etiquette, had the right to keep the window open. The rule is an absurd one, because, in actual fact, it is not the traveler who sits nearest the window who feels the draught most, but the person who is next to him on the same side.

BERTIE.—The Scotch have a saying that "Leap year was never a sheep year." The extra day that February obtains in apt to create confusion, for those who happen to be born upon it have no real birthday except once in every four years. Amongst superstitious people of all nations, from time immemorial, leap year has been looked upon as an unlucky period.

BLUE.—The Datura Stramonium, or thorn apple, is a plant three feet high, growing among rubbish, in vast plains, and possessing extraordinary narcotic powers. It is much employed in medicine as an anodyne and anti-spasmodic. In asthma smoking the herb or inhalation from its infusion in hot water, gives relief; but fatal results have been known from its inhalation.

DOUSING.—Yes, "dousing" is a mining superstition. It is the attempt to discover mineral lodes by the divining rod. This implement is a forked branch of hazel or blackthorn of one year's growth. It is held by the operator, a fork in each hand. The miner walks over the ground, and the rod is supposed to dip or bend down as a mineral lode is approached. It is said that water below the surface has been discovered by similar means.

A. F. H.—The site of the Tower of Babel is not known with certainty. There are three ruins in Babylonia, each of which is claimed to be the remains of this tower. They are: (1) the tower of Nimrod, at Akker Kouf; (2) the Mujelibe, five miles above the modern town of Hillah and 900 yards east of the Euphrates river; (3) the Birs Nimrud, to the west of the Euphrates, and about six miles southwest of Hillah. The majority of authorities believe that the last-named is the true Tower of Babel.

ENGINEER.—There was a gliding railway at the Paris Exhibition, another at Edinburgh, and a small one at the Crystal Palace; but the one at Chicago will, it seems, be on a very extensive scale. It is based on two principles. First, instead of wheels there are slides, which glide on a thin film of water running on rails, consequently reducing friction to a minimum. In the second place, the train is propelled by water power. Underneath the carriages there is a bucket rack, against which at regular intervals a strong force of water is cast from propellers placed along the line. The water is discharged horizontally in the direction in which the train is going, and virtually pushes it along.

MAID MARION.—1. The Cid (Rodrigues Diaz di Bivar) was a celebrated Spanish warrior, who flourished between the years 1030 and 1099. He was the hero of Castile; born at Burgos, and distinguished himself in the Civil Wars under the reigns of Ferdinand, Alphonso VI. (of Leon and Castile), and Sancho II., and afterwards against the Moors. His wife Ximena, daughter of Count Lozano de Gormaz. His son, Diego Rodrigues, died young; and he had two daughters, Elvira and Sol. 2. Mazeppa was a Cossack hetman, of noble Polish parentage, and a page in the Court of the King of Poland, Jan Casimir. Having done a grievous and wicked wrong to a Polonian Count, the latter punished him in the terrible way described; and when the horse fell dead in the Ukraine Mountains, Mazeppa was released by a Cossack, who nursed him till recovered in his hut. He subsequently rose to be a prince of the Ukraine, and fought against Russia at the Battle of Poltowa.

M. W.—By the terms Stone and Bronze Ages certain prehistoric eras are distinguished by geologists. Articles of manufacture, dwellings (cave, mound and lacustrine), and skeletons of men and the lower animals are found in certain strata, and serve as guides. In the Drift, or Palæolithic Period, the mammoth, cave-bear, and woolly-haired rhinoceros are found. The Polished Stone, or Neolithic, Age is marked by flint celts, and other implements of war or domestic use in hard stone, but none in any metal, excepting some gold ornaments. The Bronze Age was so styled in consequence of the use made of that metal in lieu of stone. In the Iron Age implements of that metal were added to those of stone and bronze; but tin and copper were discovered prior to iron. This classification applies chiefly to Europe. Of China and Japan little or nothing of this nature is known. The North American Indians obtained copper near Lake Superior, and hammered it into implements and decorations.

SUMMER.

BY R. J. W.

Summer, bright Summer, has come again;
Gone is the cold and frozen rain;
For Winter we dig a grave.
The lilies burst into snowy bloom,
The clustering roses breathe perfume,
And the tasselled branches wave.

Summer, bright Summer, has come again,
Bringing sweet Hope in her dazzling train
Through the velvet leaves apart;
Pluck from the primrose paths of Thought
The golden flower the Summer has brought,
And fold it into thy heart.

Mr. Wingrove's Ways.

BY A. T. R.

"GREAT SCOTT!" exclaimed Dick Wingrove, throwing down his fork with some haste, "con——I beg your pardon, father, but what in the world is this?"

"Do I understand you to refer to this pie, Dick?" enquired his father, placidly helping himself to the viand in question.

Mr. Wingrove and his two sons were dining together in the large and pleasant dining room of his house in Bath.

Mrs. Wingrove was dead. She had died when the youngest son was only a few weeks old, and her memory would seem to have faded from Mr. Wingrove's mind; for he rarely, if ever, mentioned her. Her outward personality, however, could not well fade from his mind, for it was always before his eyes in the form of a large portrait hanging in the dining-room. This portrait represented a person of middle age, clothed in a gray garment, and standing on an emerald grass plot, with a country residence behind her. The country residence was of a size to have gone easily into the pocket of the gray garment; but artistic criticism was not Mr. Wingrove's strongest point, such matters as drawing or perspective were to him unconsidered trifles, and the work of art in question was to him, when he thought of it at all, simply "poor Emily's" picture.

The artist had depicted the countenance of "poor Emily" as somewhat ordinary and plain; and among the early friends of the Wingrove family a controversy raged. There were those who said Mr. Wingrove never would have sought his wife's hand at all if she had possessed no greater personal attractions than those given her in the picture; and there were those who contradicted this, saying that the hand of the artist had been directed by truth, and that "poor Emily's" simple-minded spouse had sought and won her, without a single thought of such a detail as appearance.

The truth was, as usual, rather out of reach. For the period when the seeking occurred was more than three decades ago, and Dick, the aforesaid younger son, was twenty-nine. He was seated on his father's left hand, facing his elder brother Harold, and though his features were, for the moment, twisted into a look of irritation, it was easy to see that he was good-looking. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with fair hair and moustache, and quick, keen gray eyes. Between himself and his brother there was a very strong family likeness; but Harold Wingrove was darker in coloring than Dick, and both his face and manner showed plainly that he was five years his brother's senior.

Mr. Wingrove himself was a short, spare man, of about sixty-five. His face was smooth and comparatively unwrinkled for his years; the most remarkable feature in it being his eyes. They were of a faded light blue, with a short-sighted look in them, and were placed unusually far apart from each other. The expression Mr. Wingrove's face wore, which was evidently its normal one, was one of placid, simple good-nature and satisfaction. So short-sighted and so simple-minded did he look, that on a first inspection a stranger, being acquainted with the controversy raging anent the departed Emily, would have at once decided that Mr. Wingrove had neither seen nor considered, when he wooed her, whether she was plain or pretty. But first inspections are, of necessity, cursory.

"Did you allude to the pie, Dick?" he repeated, serenely, and raising his eyes to his son's face. "If so, I do not understand you."

Outwardly, indeed, the pie before them was all that a pie should be, excellent in form, elaborately patterned at the edge of the crust, and delicately covered with the lightest powdering of white sugar. But when Mr. Wingrove helped it, he had, unconsciously to himself, been obliged to exercise most of his remaining power and muscle, in order to penetrate that ornate crust; and a certain silence had fallen suddenly on both Harold and Dick, after they received their portion of the pie—a silence which had been unbroken until Dick's exclamation to his father.

Neither the silence, nor Dick's words themselves, seemed to strike Mr. Wingrove as worthy of note. He plied his own fork unconcernedly for an instant before he went on talking.

"I hardly think there can be much amiss, Dick," he said a moment or two later, with a beaming smile of condescending superiority, which he shed impartially on both sons; "the pie was made for me by fair fingers—very fair fingers," he added, while the smile grew more beaming with the repetition.

A sudden rapid flash of intelligence went across Dick's face.

"Fair fingers!" ejaculated he, under his breath; "I thought as much."

"Fair fingers, sir?" said Harold, laying down his fork, and looking interestedly and interrogatively at his parent. He was conscious, as he spoke, of a sharp, sudden pain in the region of his ankle; but beyond a feeling of vexation at what he believed to be his stupidity in knocking up against the footstool he did not give the sensation another thought.

"Fair fingers, Harold," returned Mr. Wingrove, with a certain elation in his voice, which grew stronger as he became aware that Dick was including himself and the pie in a glance which might be spoken of as menacing. "Miss Margetson made it for me—for us, I should say. And I find no fault with it," he continued, looking at each in turn with a confident smile.

"It's uneatable, and I am not surprised." Dick's remark would be best characterised as a low growl. His elder brother looked at him in some surprise, and turned again to his father.

"Miss Margetson, sir? Who is she, and why, may I ask, is she cooking for your table?" Another still sharper pain attacked Harold's ankle at this moment. He again privately anathematised his carelessness, and disregarded it.

"Miss Margetson! My dear Harold, do you mean to say that it is since you were last in Bath that Mrs. Margetson came here? She lives on the Easton Road. A most charming person, with a still more charming daughter. I have the happiness to possess the acquaintance of both."

Here Mr. Wingrove made a slight pause, and turned his attention to his plate. He grappled steadily with the pie-crust on it for some moments with an air which tried to seem unconscious of its undoubted hardness; then a catastrophe overtook him in his efforts. An unusually vigorous insertion of his fork into the last remaining piece caused it to sever and fly apart unexpectedly, with a suddenness that nearly upset Mr. Wingrove's equilibrium. He somewhat hastily laid down his fork and the struggle together, and, saying hurriedly to the servant, "You can take away, Robert," turned to resume his conversation with his elder son.

Dick's countenance was overspread by a a cynical smile; but he said nothing. He only lifted up his arms carelessly to have his plated removed, and then, folding them on the table, prepared to listen heedfully to his father's and brother's further remarks.

"How this pie came into my possession," continued Mr. Wingrove, cheerily. "Well, I will explain. There was a cookery competition at the end of a course of cooking lectures in the town a week or so ago, and I was asked to be one of the judges of the exhibits. Several young ladies went in for this—to use the slang of the day—and Dr. Kingston and myself adjudged the prizes. We did not award one to Miss Margetson; I hardly know why, but Kingston seemed to think that two of the others were superior to hers; in fact, he was a trifle obstinate about it, said that merit alone was the criterion, and seemed to think nothing of a lady's feelings. And I'm sure I quite forget how any of them tasted; but hers must have been excellent, such a charming young person as she is. I was sorry with all my heart for Kingston's obstinacy; and meeting her a few days later in Milsom Street, I stopped her, and congratulated her, and told her my feelings. She seemed pleased; and she then and there promised to make me the counterpart of that pie. This is it. She brought it herself this morning. And it is——"

"Hopelessly indigestible," put in Dick, tersely.

"Worthy of the fair maker," continued Mr. Wingrove, without hearing or heeding his son's remark.

They were at the moment partaking of his favorite cheese—Gorgonzola—and perhaps this had swept from his mind the details of the pie-crust's consistency.

There was a slight pause after Mr. Wingrove's explanation. Then Harold looked up from his plate.

"Is she young, sir," he said—"this Miss Margetson?"

Before Mr. Wingrove could answer, Dick rose hastily from the table.

"Can we have coffee in the drawing-room, father?" he said. "This room is draughty. Come, Harold," he added, to his brother; and before either of the other two had quite grasped the meaning of his words, he had opened the door, ushered his father and brother through it, and into the drawing room. In that womanless house, the only characteristic of a drawing-room left to the room so called, was its name; of ordinary drawing-room appointments and furnishings there was no traces. But there were several most comfortable, easy-chairs, a soft, if much worn, carpet, and a large fireplace, in which, at this moment, a small wood fire was crackling brightly. September though it was, the nights were very chilly.

Mr. Wingrove placed himself in one of the easy-chairs, while Dick drew up another for his brother, and proceeded to hand his father a cup of coffee from the tray which the servant had set down on a small table beside the fire.

"You were asking, my dear Harold," began Mr. Wingrove, as he stirred his coffee contemplatively and complacently, "about Miss Margetson."

"I asked, sir," responded his son, "if she were——"

But an unforeseen incident cut him short. Dick, in sitting down, with his own cup in his hand, overturned it into the fender, and a slight delay occurred before the traces and results of his catastrophe were set to rights again. By the time peace was restored, Harold Wingrove had apparently forgotten his interest in Miss Margetson, for he turned to his father and began to retail, with the air of enjoyment common to all imparters of gossip, masculine and feminine, the latest anecdotes current at his club concerning the private life of leading politicians.

Harold Wingrove had a Government appointment in London. He had come down to Bath that same evening on one of the Saturday to Monday visits which he not unfrequently made to his father and brother. The object of this special visit was to announce to them his own engagement to a young lady at Surbiton, a Miss Marion Byrne. He had received his father's congratulations before dinner, and had further dwelt somewhat exhaustively on her charms to his brother Dick, in the latter's dressing-room; summing up her individuality, when the dinner-bell rang, with lover-like simplicity, in the statement that she was "the sweetest girl in the world."

Dick Wingrove was an architect in Bath, and lived at home in his father's house. He was very clever, his connection was so rapidly increasing that he had lately taken a partner, and he was spoken of on all sides as "a rising young man."

But there was on his countenance at this moment none of the tranquillity that should belong to a young man in so satisfactory a position. The cynical look that had overspread his face at dinner deepened; and as he listened to his father and brother the irritation that had marred his good-looking face increased momentarily. He finished his replenished coffee-cup, set it down, and, taking out his matches, proceeded to light a cigarette with frowning concentration.

"I can't think how Harold could be such a duffer," he said to himself, mentally, as he did so. "Talking about Miss Margetson when I kicked him twice to shut up! He might know for himself, too. I'll have a word or two with him later on, see if I don't. It's all very well," he pursued, as a loud laugh from his father and brother made him look up; "it's all very well to sit here and talk so agreeably about Gladstone and Balfour, when you live in town, while you have none of the everlasting bother and responsibility of father! Let Harold try him for a week," said Dick, incoherently and feelingly' "then where would his anecdotes be? Never mind, I'll have it out when father's gone to bed."

During the next hour it seemed to Dick that his father would never either lay down his pipe or rise from his chair. But as the clock struck half-past ten, Mr. Wingrove did both.

"Good night, my dear Harold," he said; "I don't know really which is most gratifying, your visit or its object."

Dick fetched his father's lighted candle while Harold answered, and proceeded, according to his nightly custom, to carry it upstairs for him. This ceremony over, he returned to the drawing-room to find his brother Harold taking up his tobacco-pouch and looking at it reflectively.

"I don't think I'll have another pipe, Dick," he said, as Dick entered; "time's getting along, and I've been rather late three or four nights this week."

"I don't care if you've been late six or seven," responded Dick, brusquely, "you will have the pipe—at any rate you'll stay here a bit. I want to speak to you."

He flung himself again into his easy-chair as he spoke.

"To speak to me?" said Harold, with some surprise, but no great interest in his tone, and a decided expression of languid indifference on his face; "speak away, old man, then—only don't be long. What do you want?"

"What do I want? I want to know how on earth you could talk to father about Miss Margetson?"

"Why on earth shouldn't I talk to him about Miss Margetson?"

"Surely, Harold, you don't need telling what father's ways are?"

"I know it's one of them to try to make himself agreeable to any pretty young lady who may cross his path—if that's what you mean. But that's an old tale, surely?"

"Yes," burst forth Dick, angrily, "it is an old tale; and that's just it! What in the world is to be done?"

"I don't see that anything is to be done," said his brother, placidly crossing his legs as he answered; "at his age you don't expect to alter father's idiosyncrasies, do you?"

"Idiosyncrasies!" echoed Dick, seizing the poker and vollently beating the glow out of a dying red ember in the grate; "it's more than idiosyncrasies, Harold! It's—it's a torment!" He let the poker fall with a crash. "It takes all my energies, and more than all my time, to cope with him at all!"

"I'm very sorry, old man," began Harold.

"Sorry!" returned the other; "you'd be sorrier if you lived with him! Why, what is it—three months—since you were here last? And the trouble I've had with him since then—the idiotic things he's done. I never was a letter-writing man, you know—I prefer telegrams—but if I were in the habit of writing to you, I could have filled sheets with his doings!"

"Just as well you didn't," said his unsympathetic brother, "I shouldn't have had time to read them."

"Well, to give you an instance; an instance that I'll speak of first, because it is——"

"Get on," interposed Harold; "it's getting late."

"Hang the time! You listen to me. Did you ever—no, I believe you never did—meet the Armitages? Thank goodness, they're gone to live in Bristol now, But, before they went, father made himself utterly foolish with them. He carried on in the most senseless fashion with Jenny. She's the youngest and the prettiest. Goodness only knows how he came to know them. I never knew he did till one evening—the evening I'm going to tell you of. I know them—they're cousins of Mayo—my partner; and the way I found it out was this: I went in to their house to tea with Mayo, on my way home one afternoon. We were shown into the front drawing-room, and before we had been there three minutes the most excruciating row you ever heard in your life came from the back room. Jenny was accompanying, and some one was playing the flute with her—awfully. Mayo and I set our teeth and waited till Mary Armitage came in. Then he asked her if she couldn't stop it, somehow. She opened the folding-doors, and—I never was so taken aback, I think—there was father! Father in his go-to-meeting rig, standing beside Jenny, with his head on one side, screwing and blowing away at that flute. You bet, I never felt such an awful fool in my life! He didn't, bless you; not a bit of it! He came smiling up the room with Jenny, complimenting her, and carrying on as if he were twenty, instead of nearly seventy. He didn't even mind when he saw me. He smiled, and said something about an unexpected meeting, and went calmly on with Jenny just the same. After tea he went calmly back to the piano, but before he took up that flute, I rose and left; I couldn't stand it any more."

Dick paused for breath, and Harold took his pipe from his lips reflectively.

"You spoke to father? Reasoned with him, I mean?" he said, to his brother, questioningly, a moment or so later.

"Reasoned with him! You might as

well reason with the milestones on the Bristol road," said that father's distracted son. "All he said was that Jenny enjoyed the duets as much as he did, and he saw nothing ridiculous in it at all!"

Harold did not speak, but his indifferent expression of countenance had changed, while Dick talked, to a very contemplative one, and he had apparently forgotten his haste to go to bed, for he slowly filled and lighted another pipe.

"There was worse than that, though," Dick pursued, breaking the short silence. "There was Mrs. Smith-Ridgway."

"What about Mrs. Smith-Ridgway? Who's she?"

"She's the widow of an Indian judge, and——"

"Not that dreadful little, sallow, dark-eyed woman who stopped father in the street one day when I was with him last time I was down?"

"That's her!" cried Dick, excitedly and ungrammatically. "She's awful!"

"How? Has father tried it on with her?"

"Tried it on with her! Rather! And, to make it worse, she saw through him in a wink, and went for him. He got introduced to her at some garden party; you've no idea of the dissipations he trots out to while I'm at work. She, it appears, is—or pretends to be—a great botanist and naturalist. I dare say she's found it handy before now. However, father caught on, like anything. For a week, I give you my word, he was never in when I got home for lunch. And, when he did come home, he had always his hands full of nettles, or birds' nests, or flowery stuff of some sort, which he said was for Mrs. Smith-Ridgway. He had 'accompanied her on a charming botanical expedition,' he said. Then in the afternoon he used to carry all the stuff round to her house to press it and so forth and whenever I did chance to come across him with her it was evident she was going it like one o'clock. I was at my wits' end. I couldn't stop at home from work to see after him. Mrs. Smith-Ridgway would have married him before this if it hadn't been for an accident that kept him out of her way for a bit. He came home one day with a sprained ankle; I couldn't imagine how he got it, and he wouldn't tell me, bless you. But it came out. You may imagine how I felt when Mayo asked me how my father was, after his fall from the tree! It turned out that he had been seen in Hampton woods climbing a tree to get some rare nest or other for Mrs. Smith-Ridgway! Climbing trees at his age! He might have broken his neck! I could have shaken him!"

"Dick, you're exaggerating!"

"On my honor, Harold, it is as true as gospel. And that's not half! He nearly caught his death of cold star-gazing with one of the Harrison girls who is astronomical and intellectual—he had bronchitis, and I was up with him all the next night. He got awful cramps in his rheumatic shoulder sitting to the other Harrison girl, who wanted him as a model for Saint Jerome. He got half drowned getting water-lilies for Miss Margetson to wear on her frock at a dance; and now he's ruining his digestion and ours, eating her abominable pastry. She's the last, and he seems to me to get worse with every one."

Dick broke off with a very heavy sigh.

"Do you think anything would be gained by my putting things before him?" said Harold, after a long and thoughtful pause.

"No," said his brother, dejectedly. "Nothing—I don't believe talking's any use. But something must be done; I'm blessed if I know what; but my life's a burden to me, that's all I can say."

He rose as he spoke, and flung away the end of his cigarette. "Good night, old man," he said; "I've kept you an age."

But Harold did not take his brother's hand at once. "It's much worse than I thought," he said, slowly. "But don't you worry, Dick; we'll do something. I shall try, at any rate. I'll have a regular talk to him to-morrow."

"I wish you luck," said Dick. "Good night, old fellow."

Harold grasped his brother's hand warmly. The two men were very fond of each other in a reserved and undemonstrative way. They went their respective ways to bed. Dick laid his head on his pillow, soothed by the consciousness that he had entered upon the placid hours in which he might safely relax his rigorous cares, and possess his soul in peace; the few hours for which his father was in his own room in bed.

Harold also thought gratefully of the coming night as a sort of bulwark between him and his attempt to reason with his father.

"I'll have it out to-morrow," he murmured, sleepily. "To-morrow, if I can get hold of him. There's nothing to bother about just now."

It is doubtful whether either brother would have experienced these soothing sentiments could he have seen on Mr. Wingrove's dressing-room table the newspaper which that gentleman had been perusing in seclusion before he sank into the arms of slumber.

* * * * * *

It was about half-past twelve o'clock on the Wednesday following Harold Wingrove's Saturday to Monday visit to Bath, and the landlady's maid was setting the table for lunch in his rooms in Westminister. They were pretty rooms. The house of which they formed part was old and picturesque, and Harold Wingrove, who prided himself on the possession of artistic taste, had made the most of their possibilities. He had had a window-seat placed in a little oriel window from which could be obtained a glimpse of the river. He had papered and painted everywhere, in undoubtedly artistic colors, and he had draped the folding-doors that let into his bedroom so successfully that, with the aid of a mirror, they presented an illusion of illimitable space. There were, also good pictures, and well-filled bookcases.

The whole effect of the room was one of inviting peace and luxurious tranquillity. Even the preparations for luncheon were unobtrusive, and in no way interfered with this.

The only object not in accordance with it all was the figure of Dick Wingrove, who was pacing backwards and forwards from the oriel window to the bookcase at the other end of the room. His face was flushed, his eyes anxious, and his hair dishevelled; his steps were hasty and erratic, and his right hand played incessantly and restlessly with his moustache. His whole appearance denoted extreme agitation, and he was also very dusty and untidy, and looked as if he had just come from a journey. This was indeed, the fact, he having arrived in town by the midday train from Bath half an hour earlier.

His unceasing walk up and down the room greatly confused and embarrassed the maid in her efforts to lay the table.

She was new to her place, and Dick Wingrove's visits to his brother being few and far between, she was unacquainted with his personal appearance. Since his arrival she had taken various furtive glances at him, and was gradually, but surely, coming to the conclusion that "the gentleman was off his head," which conclusion scarcely tended to lessen her embarrassment.

Of the inconvenience he was causing her, the usually courteous and considerate Dick took, at this moment, not the slightest heed. Suddenly he stopped short in his walk, and confronted her,

"At what time did you say Mr. Harold Wingrove would be in? he demanded of her, for at least the fourth time.

The bewildered damsel dropped a fork and a wine-glass before she could answer him; then she responded, also for the fourth time, in a very frightened voice, "About one, sir, if you please, sir."

Dick took two more agitated strides, and faced her again. "Is he punctual as a rule? What do you mean by 'about one'?" he enquired, hastily. "Do you mean before one, or after one?"

At this crisis, the maid's lingering doubt and indecision as to whether "the gentleman" was or was not a lunatic, disappeared entirely. She determined to rush downstairs and recommend her mistress to send for a policeman—in readiness to remove Dick if necessary.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," she began, falteringly, edging towards the door. Dick, thinking she meant to leave the room without answering him, took a step in her direction. She was just preparing to rise to the occasion with a shriek, when all further complications were averted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Harold Wingrove himself.

"Dick, old boy!" he exclaimed, in utter amazement, as he caught sight of his brother: "who would have thought of finding you here?"

"Harold, I thought you never would come in."

"You can go, Susan; I'll ring for lunch," Harold Wingrove said to that petrified damsel, who thereupon fled incontinently to retail downstairs the story of "the cracked gentleman belonging to the first floor."

"What on earth brought you to town, old fellow?" he added. "I needn't say you're very welcome, though; and you're just in time for some food. I'll have lunch up at once. I wonder if that girl has had the sense to say you're here." He moved towards the bell as he spoke; but Dick laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Don't bother about lunch," he said; "listen to me first. I've come to you because I am at my wits' end."

"What is up?" said Harold, staring at his brother. "Sit down, at any rate."

Dick obeyed him by sinking into a chair.

"It's father!" he said, with a gasp that ended in a groan.

"Well?"

"I give it up, Harold, and that's all about it!"

"What is the world has he done now?"

"He's done—that is, he proposes to do—something worse than anything he has done yet."

"For goodness' sake don't keep me waiting? What is it?"

"He is going to marry through the 'Matrimonial Oracle.'" With this Dick sank heavily back into his chair with a wearied gesture, as if, with the imparting of this startling information, he relinquished and threw on to Harold the responsibility he had borne so long.

Harold Wingrove started out of his chair as if he had been shot.

"An advertisement, Dick! Marry her, Dick!" he cried.

"That, and none other," returned Dick, gaining somewhat in self-possession, as his brother lost his. "An advertisement!"

"The 'Matrimonial Oracle,' Dick!" gasped Harold.

"The 'Matrimonial Oracle,' Harold," returned Dick.

"Great Scott!" said Harold, falling back into his chair as suddenly as he had started out of it. "What on earth is to be done?"

"What is to be done, is precisely what I came to ask you!" said Dick:

"How did you find out?" said Harold, faintly, after a moment's silence.

"How I found out is simple," answered Dick. "On Monday evening, after you were gone, I thought father odd and abstracted: at first I thought that he was missing you, simply. But he seemed absent, and thinking with a good deal of concentration about something, and altogether queer. I didn't bother, though; I knew Miss Margetson was away for a few days, and I didn't see who else he could have found yet. I just waited and kept a sharp look-out on him. He said nothing, though, till Tuesday. Then he mooned about the dining-room, before I went to business in the morning, like a boy who has been stealing apples and doesn't like to tell. I watched. At last he stood still under that picture of mother; and sighed a good deal, and said, chiefly to himself, but of course he meant me to hear: 'A house is a poor sort of place without a mistress. Poor and comfortless! A lady would cheer us all up.'"

"Great Cæsar!" ejaculated Harold.

"I took him up sharply at that," Dick went on, "and asked him what he meant. He fussed and fidgeted, and would say nothing for a long time. At last he said that I must be aware that he had long had thoughts of marrying again, and asked if I didn't think it would be a very desirable thing to do. I said plainly that, on the contrary, I thought it would be the action of a confirmed lunatic, and then I went out and left him to think that over. Of course I thought then that he was only thinking of Miss Margetson, and that I could put that down with a firm hand. But when I got home in the evening, he was reading a paper that he put out of sight like lightning when he saw me. I kept my eyes open and saw where he put it: and I looked at it as soon as he went to dress. It was the 'Matrimonial Oracle.'"

"What was the advertisement?"

"I'm coming to that. He came down, and I could only glance at it then; but when he was gone to bed I took another look. Here it is," said Dick, drawing a paper from his breast-pocket. I got a copy to bring you. Here is the advertisement he had marked. You bet he wrote on Saturday to the advertiser. Now, will you kindly tell me what we'd better do?"

Harold took the paper from his brother and looked at the lines indicated by Dick's finger. The following words met his eyes:

"Lady, possessed of estimable qualities and private means, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Cheerful and domesticated. Widower preferred. Address, A. D. office of this paper."

He read it twice through; the first time with no comprehension of the words he was reading; the second time, all the position rose up before him with startling clearness. He let the paper fall from his hands, and stared helplessly at Dick.

"He'll marry her before we can say Jack Robinson," remarked the latter, cheerfully, from the depths of his arm-chair. There was on his hot, harassed countenance a dawning light and animation—the light and animation arising from the excited sensation consequent on being the bearer of startling news; and side by side with this sensation had risen the irrepressible instinct to make the news in question as bad as possible.

But Harold was not studying his brother's faces, nor did he answer his words. After a few moments of silence, he had turned on his heel abruptly and began to walk up and down. He was now pacing from the window to the bookcase, with steps that were quite as agitated as Dick's own had been half an hour before.

"She probably isn't even a lady; and he'll believe every blessed word she writes to him. He'll swear she's all he could wish. He'll never listen to a single word against her till we've got a step-mother!" Dick said, cheeringly. "Miss Margetson, or Mrs. Smith-Ridgway even, would have been better," he added.

"Dick, do hold your tongue and let me think," said his elder brother, sternly. Dick retired into the recesses of the arm-chair, and began to contemplate future possibilities and family trials with an imagination stimulated by the gloominess of the situation into absolute inspiration.

Harold continued his walk in silence.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed, suddenly, stopping short and bringing down his hand on the table with a force that made the glasses ring. "I've got it! We'll be even with him. I'll settle him and the whole thing all at once."

"Settle him?" said Dick, raising himself hurriedly. "Settle the whole thing!" he added in an amazed tone.

"Settle the whole thing," said his brother, triumphantly. "Ring for lunch, Dick."

"But how?" asked Dick, reaching mechanically towards the bell with a dazed expression on his face. "You can't, Harold. Goodness knows I've thought over every possible plan!"

"You come and have lunch, and I'll explain," said Harold.

A moment later lunch appeared. The two brothers drew their chairs to the table, and Harold scarcely waited for Susan to set down the plates and depart before he entered into an eager monologue, to which Dick listened with a countenance which grew more expressive moment by moment.

A few days later old Mr. Wingrove, grasping an umbrella and a rug, got slowly and carefully out of a train on to the main arrival platform at Paddington. He stood still when he had alighted, looking round him a little confusedly. A long sojourn in the comparative quiet of the city of Bath had by no means fitted him to cope successfully with the bustle of a London terminus.

However, after a short interval of consideration, during which he was pushed in every direction by unscrupulous porters, at whom he gazed reproachfully and amazedly with his short-sighted blue eyes, he threaded his way through the crowd and contemplated the assembled cabs for a brief space. Then he proceeded to hail a four-wheeler by means of a graceful sweep of his umbrella and rug together. During the gesture, the umbrella, being old became loosened at the spring and opened itself, thereby adding somewhat to the singular nature of the action. A cabman promptly obeyed the summons with an expressive twinkle in his eye, and Mr. Wingrove, controlling the umbrella with some difficulty, got in and directed the man to drive to a street in Westminister. It was the street in which Harold Wingrove lived, and Mr. Wingrove was on his way to his son's rooms. When he was established inside the cab he took from his pocket two letters: one of these he laid down on the seat beside him, the other he opened and began to read. It was a short note from Harold, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR FATHER,—You are extremely welcome to use my rooms for your business interview on Monday. I am sorry that I myself shall be called out of town that morning.—Your affectionate son.

"H. WINGROVE."

"Most fortunate!" Mr. Wingrove murmured to himself, as he refolded the letter. "I am sorry to miss dear Harold, of course; but in an interview of this kind, his presence would be inconvenient; I may say, highly inconvenient; and even the possibility of his appearance would have been a little trying. It is really most fortunate." He placed the letter carefully in its envelope and put it back in his pocket. "It

is a relief, too," he continued, as he did so, "to feel that Dick is well out of the way. He knows nothing of this—nothing. I did not even mention that I was going to Harold's rooms when I told him I was suddenly called to town. Caution is always desirable—always!" said Mr. Wingrove, chuckling with delight at his own acute-

But that chuckle might have ended rather abruptly, could Mr. Wingrove have looked through the back of the four-wheeler and seen, at a little distance behind him, a hansom containing the person of his son Dick, who was at that very moment holding converse with his driver to the effect that the latter was to keep the four-wheeler in sight.

Mr. Wingrove now took up the other letter—the one he had placed on the seat—and proceeded to open it. The writing was a woman's, a pretty, neat, woman's hand.

"I will consent to give you an interview," the writer said. "I will be at the address you mention at three o'clock on Monday afternoon."

"Capital!" Mr. Wingrove said, aloud, as he refolded this letter and placed it, not loose in his pocket, but carefully in his pocket-book. "Capital! I really have managed this very well! Now it only remains to see the lady herself. And if all goes well, and we arrange it satisfactorily, I feel sure that she will be a charming wife—most charming. Let me glance at the advertisement again." He drew from the same pocket-book a slip of paper cut from the "Matrimonial Oracle" of the preceding Thursday. The slip contained an advertisment in these words: "A young lady of most prepossessing appearance and engaging manners is desirous of corresponding with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Cultured, refined, and accomplished. Address, M. R., office of this paper."

"Far better than the first," he said to himself, in a tone of great satisfaction. "Evidently pleasing and attractive, while the other individual, A. D., was certainly not so much so. It was most fortunate that this caught my eye before I had gone too far with A. D. I am quite anxious to see the young lady, I am, indeed. She describes herself so modestly and so prettily in her letter, too. Oh, here we are!" as the four-wheeler drew up with a jerk at the door of Harold's lodgings.

Mr. Wingrove collected the umbrella and rug and dismounted with care. Then he grasped his personal property in his left hand and extracted a handful of loose coin from his pocket with the other.

"What is your fare from Paddington, my good man?" he said, approaching the cabman.

That functionary, to whom a hard life had early taught the lesson that the advent of gentlemen like Mr. Wingrove resembled angel' visits, rose promptly to the occasion.

"Seven-and-six, sir, if you please," he said.

"Seven-and-sixpence," repeated Mr. Wingrove, "that is rather an expensive fare. Perhaps," he soliloquised, thoughtfully, "an omnibus might have been cheaper, or the Underground Railway—but both are dangerous, very dangerous; and one does not grudge expense on an occasion like the present."

He thereupon placed the whole amount in the man's hand, and entered the house, the door of which was opened by the maid who had been so alarmed at Dick.

"Will you walk up to Mr. Wingrove's room, sir?" she said. The old gentleman followed her with the glow of satisfaction at his own excellent management growing stronger and stronger within him.

Arrived in Harold's room, he took out his watch. "Five minutes to three!" he said, "excellent time. She said three. Let me find her letter again, and hold it in my hand. It will simplify matters."

He took two or three impatient little turns about the room to while away the five minutes. Precisely as Big Ben struck, however, the door opened. It opened to admit a girl—a very pretty girl. She was very prettily dressed too: and her well-made frock and picturesque hat seemed to set off every line of her slender figure and sweet face. She entered with a quiet, graceful movement, and Mr. Wingrove rose hurriedly to meet her, his satisfaction growing by leaps and bounds to exultation. This was, he told himself, by far the cleverest thing he had ever done in his life. He did not observe, in his elated preoccupation, that the girl had left slightly ajar the door by which she entered.

"My dear young lady," he began excitedly. The girl made him a gracious little bow in answer. He pulled out a chair from the table, and she seated herself with a word or two of thanks. She smiled as she spoke, and her smile made her prettier still, Mr. Wingrove thought. "Our letters have settled the preliminaries," he went on, quickly. "I need scarcely allude to them again. But may I ask you, my dear madam, to inspect me personally as much as you wish? We are each taking a momentous step, and I should wish you to take a calm and unhurried inspection of me. Allow me to walk to the window." So saying he rose, and the girl rose also. Her pretty face was crimson, and her lips were pressed very tightly together. At this moment a kind of suppressed choke might have been heard outside the door. Mr. Wingrove turned round slowly, that the girl might survey him from every possible point of view. Her eyes were fixed on him, gravely; but her face grew yet more crimson, and she raised her handkerchief to her lips as if to conceal the fact that they were trembling. Mr. Wingrove noted these signs of confusion, and said, mentally: "Delightful traits—shyness and modesty! Will you permit me to resume my seat?" he added aloud. "Have you sufficiently noted my personal appearance?"

"Yes, thank you," she said, in a low tone.

"May I venture to hope that you find it such as you can like?"

"Yes," she returned in a still lower, tone, her handkerchief still over her lips.

Mr. Wingrove's face expressed intense contentment.

"I will not presume to tell you what I think of yours," he said; "it would be impertinent. I have placed before you, madam, by letter, all the details of my position. It only now remains to ask the final question: Will you marry me?"

The girl's face was now quite composed, save for her eyes, which were dancing with laughter.

"No," she said, in a louder voice. "I am greatly obliged for the honor you do me, sir; but I cannot marry you."

Before Mr. Wingrove could express himself in any way, the door was pushed hastily open, and Harold Wingrove entered followed immediately by his brother Dick. At the sight of his son, Mr. Wingrove's countenance, which had taken a shade of blue at the girl's words, turned a vivid green.

"Harold!" he stammered, "I thought you were going out of town to-day."

"So I was, father," returned his son, pleasantly. "I have been and come back. I went to fetch—your correspondent," putting his hand on the girl's shoulder as he spoke. "I am sorry, sir, but she certainly cannot marry you. She is engaged to marry me."

Mr. Wingrove sunk heavily and helplessly into an easy-chair beside him.

"I do not understand," he said. "This lady met me by appointment. What have you to do with it?"

"You answered last week an advertisement in the 'Matrimonial Oracle,' signed A. D.," said Harold Wingrove, tersely.

"I did," came in a subdued voice from the easy-chair.

"You subsequently broke off negotiations with A. D., and answered another advertisement from a lady, signed M. R.?"

"I did," repeated the poor gentleman, feeling as if some utterly supernatural misfortune had suddenly descended on his incomparable plans.

"Dick," said Harold, turning to his brother, "you tell him the rest."

Dick accordingly advanced towards his father. Mr. Wingrove had not realised the presence of his younger son in his agitation hitherto. But as he did so, he felt that it was only one more in the overwhelming concatenation of circumstances which were rushing him to the ground.

"Father," began Dick, with a cheerful air, "you know that I've spoken to you a hundred times about the way you flirt."

Mr. Wingrove's mouth opened as if to speak; but apparently no adequate words came to him, for he shut it again silently, and Dick pursued, unconscious of the effort: "You see, you're always so—interested in young women; and when I knew you had seen and marked A. D.'s advertisment in the 'Matrimonial Oracle' I made sure you would answer it, and probably interview her, and goodness only knew what sort of woman you might get hold of, and what would happen then. So I came up to Harold, and we concocted another advertisement, more attractive than A. D.'s; and I got the paper with it in, marked our advertisement, and left it about hoping you'd answer it and let A. D. go. You did. Harold got Marion to correspond with you. She wrote the letters at Harold's dictation and he brought her here this morning to keep her appointment. That's all, sir, I believe."

Mr. Wingrove rose very slowly from his chair.

"Harold," he said, looking around for his hat, and not looking at his sons or his correspondent, "I shall be obliged if you will provide me with a 'Bradshaw.'"

But Harold found himself quite unable to provide a "Bradshaw"; and how it happened Mr. Wingrove never knew, but half an hour later he found himself partaking of tea, poured out for him by M. R., with a dawning consciousness coming to him that a pretty young woman was quite as charming, and far less likely to be embarrassing, when viewed in the light of a daughter-in-law than in that of a possible wife. And, to Dick's great relief, he has never seemed likely to change his opinion since.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

If a child cries because he goes to bed in the dark, he must be humored and given a light, according to the latest scientific theory. Modern psychologists have discovered that children are subject to hallucinations, and that their imagination that they "see things" is very vivid and real. They should not be disciplined or punished, but given means to lessen these fears.

The following story is probably the work of an imaginative correspondent: A farmer in Fayette county, Penna., recently fell asleep under a tree. While slumbering with his head against the tree, his dog chased a gray squirrel, which, in its haste to reach a place of safety, jumped into the farmer's mouth, taking it for a knot hole. The farmer, not being used to raw game, disgorged the animal with an effort, and it is said has not fully recovered yet.

Within the past few years, Carl Freytag, who died a natural death at Whitestone, Long Island, a few days ago, had made three unsuccessful attempts at suicide. His first attempt was by shooting. He was found lying in the road unable to fire another shot to complete his undertaking. He begged the man who found him to shoot him and end his sufferings. The bullet was extracted and Mr. Freytag survived. Next he tried drowning. On two different occasions he was fished out of Flushing Bay, and berated his rescuers for meddling with his attempted departure from this wicked world.

M. Prevot du Houdray, a French scientist, interested in the attempts of Professor Garner to learn the monkey language, took it into his head that if monkeys could talk to one another there was no reason in the nature of things why other animals could not do so too, and procuring a phonograph, he proceeded to the barnyard to investigate the speech of the fowls there. After a large number of interesting experiments, he concluded that hens have a singular language, by means of which they communicate with one another. His deductions are said to be marvelous, and he is now lecturing before the Academy of Sciences on the hen language.

"Of all races of people," says William B. Moore, for many years in charge of vital statistics for the District of Columbia, "now inhabiting the earth the Caucasian places the least estimate upon the value of life. Scientists agree that suicide is on the increase among the Western nations. The exciting cause, or mysterious impulse to end life by self-violence may not be accurately defined, but undoubtedly in this country the high pressure and rush in money getting and undue gratification of the senses in every conceivable way, has much to do with it. It cannot be attributed wholly to atmospheric stimulus, for men kill themselves in Europe and Asia."

The sword which George Washington carried when he resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces is on exhibition at the World's Fair. The relic is the property of Miss Virginia Lewis, of Baltimore, the great-great-granddaughter of George Washington's only sister, Betty, who was the wife of Fielding Lewis, a member of General Washington's staff. The sword was bequeathed by him to their son George, who was also on his staff during the Revolution. The sword was bequeathed by Major General Lewis to Samuel, his son; by him to his oldest son, Judge George Washington Lewis, who presided over Westmoreland county, Va.; by him to Captain Henry Howell Lewis, late of the United States Navy, who gave it to his daughter, the present owner.

R. R. R.

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Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten [illegible] its nourishing properties for the support of the [illegible] waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from [illegible] of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward [illegible] of blood in the head, acidity of the [illegible] Heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or [illegible] at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Book of Advice mailed on application.

Our Young Folks.

WHERE WAS HE HIDDEN?

BY H. W. SMITH.

HE was tall and big, with bright eyes and a jolly face, and he was going to be our new uncle.—We both loved Aunt Gladys, best of all our aunties, and when we were told that she was going to marry the Captain, and had asked Rollo to be her page, and me one of her bridesmaids, our delight knew no bounds.

We went down to stay with grandpapa and grandmamma at the Hall, and there we made our new uncle-that-was-to-be's acquaintance. At first we both felt a twinge of jealousy. During our visits at the Hall, ever since we could first remember anything, Auntie Gladdie had always been at our beck and call, our devoted ally. No one could invent such games; no one could tell such stories, when people were hot and tired with tearing about and wanted to sit and rest in front of the great fire-place in the big panelled hall. We were dreadfully afraid that we had now lost her.

We need have had no fear. Certainly Aunt Gladdie seemed to belong to the Captain now, but during the "children's hour," at the time when, ever since we were babies, she had belonged to us, we were relieved and delighted to find that she was ours still. What was more, we found we had gained an uncle—had become possessed of another playfellow!

When a grown-up person will, and does, play with children, he or she does it to perfection, and is better than any child. It was the case with the Captain. He was just great at games, and especially good at hide-and-seek.

Now the Hall where grandpapa lived was a very old rambling house, with panelled hall and long passages and several staircases, which we used to think must have been built with an especial view to hide-and-seek by our dead-and-gone ancestors, whose pictures seemed to watch our games, looking down upon us from the old oak walls.

I shall never forget the fearsome joy, the wild excitement, of those hide-and-seeks. Fearsome, did I say? Yes, indeed, they were rather "creepy," and nothing would ever induce me to hide alone, in the twilight, or the winter evenings, when the old house abounded in all sorts of dark and terrible nooks and corners. So I generally preferred doing the looking, and that in company, too.

On the memorable occasion, however, which the picture opposite commemorates, it was the Captain that was hiding and Rollo and I and Aunt Gladdie who were looking for him. How we looked! How we hunted! That famous search lasted from after our tea-time till the dressing-gong had rung.

We looked in all our well-known places, in every possible and impossible nook into which a long man like the Captain could by any chance have squeezed himself. We even peered up the great hall chimney and opened the large carved chests in the hall, where we were never allowed to hide, for fear of being forgotten and stifled, like the bride in the Mistletoe Bough.

But in vain. The Captain was nowhere to be found, and I began to get quite alarmed. What if he were really lost, lost in this rambling old house, where secret chambers were indeed supposed to exist! I told my fears only to Cordelia Stephanotis, who always played hide-and-seek with me; not that she was much good at looking, though, for Cordelia Stephanotis was only a doll.

Even a doll, however, is company if you happen to find yourself alone in a dark place. So I always took Cordelia. Rollo would have laughted at me for being a silly girl! Rollo was afraid of nothing.

We were in the great hall, utterly at a loss where to seek further. The new footman had entered, coming to ring the dressing-gong, and I asked him, as a last resource, if he had seen the Captain. He did not answer properly, for I think he was a French servant and could not understand much English.

At that moment up came Rollo. I ran to him, and met him at the corner, close to where Sir Walter's armor stands—Sir Walter, who was killed fighting for the King at the battle of Naseby, and whose portrait, in a curious ruff, hangs on the wall close by.

I was just about to tell Rollo that we had better give it up, as it was nearly bedtime, when I heard a curious low chuckle proceed out of Sir Walter's armor. I glanced up, surprised, and there under the shadow of the helmet I saw a pair of bright eyes looking down upon us.

For a moment I was dreadfully frightened, and I really think, between ourselves, that Rollo was, too, a little. But the next, we heard the low laugh again, and the long spear Sir Walter's mailed glove carries shook a little.

Rollo pointed up quickly at it, and then sprang forward and seized the iron hand.

"Caught!" he shouted, and in answer came a real jolly loud laugh, from inside the armor, which could belong to no one but the Captain.

"Caught!" I cried, and Aunt Gladdie came running, and the Captain began to get himself out of Sir Walter's armor.

Wasn't it a good place? Who ever would have thought of looking for him there?

That was our last game of hide-and-seek. After that everyone was so busy, for the wedding came on. Aunt Gladdie spent her time opening wonderful parcels of wedding presents—silver plate, diamonds, and knicknacks of all kinds—which every post brought her, and in writing letters to thank people for them, and in helping grandmamma arrange them all round the big hall on tables, for exhibition on the wedding day.

Which came on apace. Of course all the little girls who read this will want to know what we wore. I was chiefly pink sash and frizzed-out golden hair.

Rollo was quite wonderful—all pink satin with lace frills at his wrists and knees. He carried Aunt Gladdie's train all the way up and down the church, and I held her bouquet at the altar, and was the first person to give the bride a kiss.

It was the grandest sight we had ever seen. The only drawback was that it ended too soon. After the bridegroom and bride had gone, the guests all sat down to a big dinner and we were sent to bed. Very loth we were to go! It was hard to be shut off from the rest of the fun.

Rollo felt this actually—so much so that when nurse was gone down, at Rollo's suggestion, we got out of our beds like little mice, and dressed ourselves, and stole downstairs.

It was very naughty, very disobedient, and deceitful. But never were children more punished. I, for one, never got such a fright in my life!

We crept down the broad stairs, through the long corridor into the great hall. The house seemed very still about there, but from the distant dining-room, across the hall, we could hear a babel of voices, a clatter of knives and forks and of plates and dishes. The hall itself was deserted. Here and there a lamp shone down upon Aunt Gladys' beautiful presents of silver, diamonds, and lovely things, all spread out on the tables round.

We hesitated a moment, wondering what we should do next, now we had got so far. At that moment I happened to glance up at Sir Walter's armor. From beneath the helmet I saw a pair of dark eyes gleaming at me, then as I stared, petrified with terror, the brazen helmet nodded at me, the mailed hand lifted the spear threateningly, and——

With one piercing shriek, I fled, I knew not whither, dragging Rollo after me!

We tumbled, a pair of terrified children, in among the great dinner-party of guests, I, rushing to mother, hiding my sobbing face in her lap, and Rollo, more brave, gasping, breathless, to father.

"A man—a man—Sir Walter's armor—in the hall!"

It was enough. Almost before the words were out of his lips, most of the menservants, and some of the gentlemen who sprang up from the table, had rushed into the great hall.

There they caught him, just getting out of Sir Walter's armor, the burglar, who had come to steal Aunt Gladys' jewels, while everyone was busy in the dining-room. Let into the house by the French servant, secreted by him in the suit of armor, which the former had seen utilized by the Captain as a hiding-place, but for our unexpected appearance and discovery of him, what a haul the thief would have made!

All the same, I had a fright I shall remember as long as I live.

EXPULSION FROM FRANCE.—It is the easiest thing in the world, says an Englishman who has resided several years in the French capital, for any of the foreign diplomatic corps at Paris to get an objectionable countryman shipped across the French frontier. A mere note to the Secretary of the Prefecture of Police, coupled with an invitation to dinner, and, perhaps the promise of a decoration, is all that is required to effect the expulsion. Every year some 12,000 foreigners of every class and category are expelled by the police from French territory, and it is no secret that nearly half these expulsions are due to private intrigue and personal animosity.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—An old legend, which makes no pretence to truth, tell us how a kingdom was lost for want of a horse-shoe nail. But a recent volume, of sober historical and biographical purpose, written by the Count d'Herisson, of France, makes it appear that the Empress Eugenie, after the battle of Sedan, lost the chance to preserve the empire of her husband by not possessing exactly the right sort of riding-habit. It was the evening of the 3rd of September, 1870. The news of the surrender of the French army and of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan had spread about Paris. The city was excited, and there was talk of a revolution, and the banishment of the imperial family. At this juncture Emile de Girardin, a man who was trusted by the Empress, and who had had no little experience during previous changes of Government, arrived at the palace of the Tuileries. "If your Majesty were to appear on horseback in the midst of the people," Girard in said, "and announce the abdication of the Emperor in favor of the Prince Imperial, your own assumption of the title of Empress Regent, and the appointment of Thiers as prime minister, the empire might be saved. Something must be done to turn the tide." The Empress accepted the advice. But when this leader of the world's fashion, the reigning Empress of proprieties, sought for a proper costume for her performance, it could not be found! The only riding-habit in the Tuileries was a fantastic one of green, embroidered with gold and silver, made for a festal hunting occasion; and the hat was a not less fantastic three-cornered affair, of the epoch of Louis the Fifteenth. The Empress felt that it would not do to appear in this festal garb on such an occasion. Her appearance in it might have the opposite effect upon the people from that which she intended. The plan had to be given up, the Empress and Prince Imperial were banished, and the Napoleonic Empire was at an end.

AS TO A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.—They were both clever young ladies, and it seemed passing strange that they should differ upon a point of etiquette. They were unable to agree that a lady did not transgress the bounds of propriety in tying her shoe in presence of gentlemen.

"In my opinion" declared the tall girl with liquid blue eyes, "she should retire to another room."

"Not at all, my love," rejoined the petite damsel with the rich flush on her cheeks; "such conduct would be prudish, and prudishness is suggestive."

"Would you," finally demanded the defender of the stricter school, "venture to stoop and tie your shoe in the middle of a crowded drawing room?"

The brown disputant would do nothing of the sort.

"I should carelessly move," she explained, "without attracting attention, behind a palm or into some corner."

"And ——"

"On the pretence of stooping for some other purpose, I should adjust the laces without being noticed, and without making myself conspicuous by leaving the room."

"And suppose a—a man persisted in looking right at you?"

"I should ignore him."

"But still he would see you."

The petite beauty was at no pains to conceal her contempt.

"My love," she observed, with the suggestion of a sneer, "I am astonished at your innocence."

The blue eyes opened very wide.

"After your finished education," loftily pursued the dark beauty, "you ought to know that in a hypothetical instance of that sort there would be no possible awkwardness in a man's watching me so long as he did not know that I knew he was looking. The awkwardness, in a word is objective rather than subjective, don't you know?"

The tall lady could only think. Words had failed her.

FOR ELECTRIC STORMS.—A scientist has been making some very interesting experiments with birds nearly killed by [illegible] shocks. Not long ago he saw a sparrow [illegible] electric wire to the ground. When he picked it up the little creature was apparently lifeless. He at first tried artificial respiration by breathing into its mouth, but failing, he injected into the bird's [illegible] spirits of ammonia, diluted with water, down the sparrow's throat. He then put it in a dry nest, and gave it some clear water after a few minutes. When placed in the closet the bird's body was nearly cold, but the treatment proved so effective that in less than an hour it was able to fly as well as ever, and was liberated.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A ton of steel produces about 1,440,000 pens.

Tea is gathered from the plant four times a year.

Glass beads were mediums of exchange in the earliest ages.

Two millions of postal cards are daily used in the United States.

Express trains in Russia rarely travel faster than 32 miles an hour.

Before the time of Pericles, professional cooks were common in Greece.

Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

In the United States there are about 673,000 Freemasons, and 647,400 Odd Fellows.

The population of New York State is greater than the entire population of Canada.

The best corks come from Algeria. There are 2,000,000 acres of cork forests in that country.

The number of persons to the square mile in England is placed at 480; in the United States at 17.

The newest thing in feminine walking sticks has the appearance of a tightly-rolled umbrella.

Wine skins made of the hides of pigs, goats, calves and oxen, are still used in the rural districts of Spain.

All milk sold in Copenhagen, Denmark, has to be first filtered through layers of sand, gravel and fine cloth.

Telegraphing without wires and telephoning along a ray of light are some wonders developed in ten years.

The Austrian Government, in order to increase the fighting power of its army, has armed the drummers with rifles.

A postmaster was chosen by ballot at Wardsboro, Vermont, recently, for the first time in the history of that town.

A man in Berlin has adopted a strange way of earning a living. He breeds rats and sells them for vivisection purposes.

There are 681,000 natives of Ireland in the chief cities of this country, 207,000 natives of England, and 90,000 of Scotland.

One man out of 25 occupies his own house in England. In the Austrian province of Tyrol the percentage of owners is about 60.

Berlin fire companies must be drawn up in military fashion to salute their commander before they can start to the scene of a fire.

A Louisiana woman is suing for divorce, stating that her husband refuses to chop wood and is of no use at house-cleaning time.

A cat owned by Mrs. Follendore, at Perry, Georgia, has adopted a young rabbit, and cares for it as though it were its own offspring.

A paint mine has been discovered near Tacoma which contains large quantities of pigment in two colors—Venetian red and cerulean blue.

According to a table compiled by Printers' Ink, the total number of American newspapers has grown from 8618 to 20,000 during the past 25 years.

The drummer in Servian regiments never carries the drum. It is placed on a two-wheeled cart, which is drawn by a big dog just in advance of the drummer.

"Elocute," "vorste," "enthuse," "universe," "philanthrop" and "revolute" are some of the newspaper verbs now apparently fully adopted into the American language.

A sign in front of a store at Georgetown, Maryland, bears this inscription: Born with a brain within a brain I can cure any kind of misery in a short time with only the best to be had to be used.

Stockings made from human hair are worn by Chinese fishermen as the best preventive of wet feet. They are [illegible] ordinary cotton stockings, being too rough for putting next the skin.

The check cannot be proved to have existed in the commercial transactions of Europe outside of Italy, until late in the fifteenth or early in the eighteenth century; in England not until about 1760.

There are more Swedes, Hollanders, Bohemians, Norwegians, Poles, Danes and Welshmen in Chicago than there are in New York. In all other elements of foreign population New York is ahead of Chicago.

In Berlin a number of medical practitioners and dentists of very inferior capacity have entered into a league with the porters of certain hotels, who, in return for a liberal percentage in the resultant receipts, recommend such strangers as apply to them for information to these Monaghan burghers.

Madame von Perlaghy, the German portrait painter, says that Kossuth the great Hungarian exile was the proudest and most dignified man who ever sat for her; Windthorst, the German statesman and opponent of Bismarck, the plainest and wittiest; General von Moltke, the kindliest, and Bismarck the jolliest and most restless.

GARDEN GHOSTS.

BY J. R. E.

Two moon-white moths are fluttering
Athwart the haunted gloom:
I watch them waver, wing to wing,
Past many a spectral bloom.

Low winds amid the leaves complain;
The firefly's wizard spark
Makes mimic lightning where you twain
Go wandering down the dark.

And still they flutter side by side,
As night's chill currents flow,
To that lone tryst-place where they died
Long centuries ago.

OF CLEVER ROBBERIES.

Probably the most daring, and, at the same time, the most ingenious, large robbery that was ever devised was that by which Mr. Wilson Barrett, the well-known actor, was deprived of his furniture and curios. He was moving from one house to another, and had given his housekeeper instructions that a van would call during the day to convey his goods and chattels to his new abode.

Shortly after he had gone out a van did call, and all his effects, including some very valuable property, were placed in it and carried off. A little while later, another household remover arrived, and revealed the fact that the first van had belonged to a daring band of thieves.

Train robberies are sometimes planned with the most consummate skill. Some years ago a very clever one was perpetrated, by which a quantity of gold coinage, on its way from England to Paris, was abstracted. A man, well-dressed and to all appearances a gentleman, arrived one day at Dover, and put up at one of the best hotels. He lived quietly but well, and by displaying a great interest in railways soon made friends with the station-master.

It was the duty of this official to unlock and examine the special coaches for conveying bullion, and the master-key of the wagons containing the precious cargo was kept in a safe in his inner sanctum. He weighed the sealed boxes containing the money to see that it was all there, and they were not again inspected until they had crossed the Channel.

All these facts his new friend, by judicious questioning, learnt in the course of some three months. He then had become so intimate with the station-master that much of his time was spent every day in that official's room. About the same time a friend of his—though this the station-master did not know—obtained a post as guard on the line in question, and by diligent attention to his work and obvious steadiness was frequently entrusted with the custody of the bullion-van.

Needless to say, these two were confederate members of a well-organized band of thieves; and, at the expiration of eleven months from his arrival, the "gentleman," sitting chatting to the station-master one evening, got the opportunity he had been watching for. The station-master had just returned from examining the money-van and had the key in his hand, when his presence was suddenly required outside. Not having time to lock up the key, and confident that he could trust his friend, he laid it on the table, asking the other to keep an eye on it. No sooner was he outside the door than the thief took the key in his hand, where for nearly a year he had daily carried a lump of wax. In this way in a second of time he obtained a cast of the key in wax, and next day quitted Dover.

The wax cast was at once put into the hands of a competent locksmith, and a copy made, which was tried and filed into shape by the guard. All was now ready, when—the locks were suddenly changed one night by order of the Bank of England authorities!

A second year was spent in the same manner, and at length a perfectly-fitting key was obtained. The confederate was now permanently in charge of the gold-carriage. One night, some twenty-five months after the station-master's friend had first arrived at Dover, two men in heavy ulsters reaching to the feet, entered the train, booked from London to Dover. These coats were lined with quilting, each square of which formed a pocket large enough to contain a single sovereign, and, at the outset, filled with discs of the same weight as a sovereign.

The train was rather late, and when at full speed on its journey the two ulstered figures crept along the footboard to the van containing the coin, which was next the reserved compartment in which they had been traveling. With the guard's help they rapidly substituted the discs in their coats for gold, and then returned to their car. At Dover the van was examined, the sealed boxes of "money" weighed by the station-master, and found to correspond with the invoice, and then transferred to the mail boat for shipment, whilst the two travelers mentioned returned to London.

The manner in which this fraud was carried out would never have been detected but for the fact that the man who obtained the impress of the key, when soon after convicted of another robbery, revealed the whole secret, with a brag that "it cost $5,000 hard cash and more than two years' valuable time."

Sacrilegious robberies are generally marked by the baseness of the perpetrators' whole minds, as the following will show. Three criminals, who entered a small country church to raid it, after securing all the alms they could and the entire altar plate, which was very handsome, determined to conclude their work with a good supper. They dragged the Communion table from its position in the east end into a more cheery spot, and spread on it the bread and cheese they had brought with them. Then from the vestry they fetched the Tent wine and sat down. The orgie lasted till nearly dawn, when they escaped through a window by turning the Communion table up on end and using it as a stepping-stone.

No matter how cleverly a theft may be devised, or with what care carried out, it is extremely rare for the perpetrator to go undetected. He may elude justice for a time, but eventually he is almost certain to fall into the clutches of the law. Nearly every "big" thief has been cornered at last.

Grains of Gold.

No man lives right who does not believe right.

There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.

It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

Before a man can deliberately do anything wrong he has to convince himself that he has a good motive.

If our whole time was spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

Why is it that when money is wanted for the church, most of the members think that somebody else ought to give it?

The man who undertakes to get rich at the expense of his conscience will not be long in finding out that he can't do it.

Our sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appear. Toward our evening how great and monstrous they are.

Don't hang around and wait for somebody else to go ahead. Break your own path. Don't put off to-day's work until to-morrow, in hope that it will be done for you.

Some people have no perspective in their conscience. Their moral convictions are the same on all subjects. They are like a reader who speaks every word with equal emphasis.

Nothing so much increases one's reverence, for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It touches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow, and deem others so.

How many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes and destroys for ever a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden all his pathway.

Femininities.

Most of the portrait painters of this city are women.

A female lace smuggler has been arrested. By the way, what is female lace?

That wife makes a mistake who tells her husband none of her joys and all of her troubles.

"Now for a stern duty," said the mother, as she prepared to castigate her wayward boy.

That husband makes a mistake who thinks his wife does not know enough to be his counsellor.

It is pleasing to note in the papers that last year's styles in fly-paper will be stuck to this season.

A medical journal says that arsenic eating for the complexion is more prevalent than is generally supposed.

Penelope: "You say he has more brains than the average society young man?" Perdita: "Yes." Penelope: "Well, but has he any?"

Susan B. Anthony thinks we are upon the eve of an era of unmarried women. An era of unmarried men, in that event, would appear to be inevitable.

The wife of S. E. Wishard, of Clinton, Indiana, gave birth to twins a few days ago. Mrs. Wishard is 62 years old, and her husband 15 years her senior.

Miss C.: "Some one told me the other day that you had received seven proposals this winter." Miss P., complacently: "Yes, I have." Miss C.: "Who is the man?"

"It is a queer thing about good looks," says a philosopher. "They enable a woman to get married soon, while they enable a man to dodge matrimony for a long time."

Harry: "Blowitz proved to his wife that he didn't marry her for her money." Jack: "How?" Harry: "To show her how little he cared for it, he spent every cent she had."

A tablespoonful of strong coffee put in the gravy of melted butter, pepper and salt to be poured over beefsteak, imparts a delicious flavor to gravy and meat. It makes the gravy a rich brown.

A carelessly kept coffee pot will impart a rank flavor to the strongest infusion of the best Java. Wash the coffee pot thoroughly every day, and twice a week boil borax water in it for fifteen minutes.

Landlord: "I intend to sue you for $100 in addition to the rent." Tenant: "On what ground?" Landlord: "Because ever since your daughter began playing the piano my Newfoundland dog has been out of his mind."

A 16-year-old girl in Mendocino county, California, is an expert hunter. She has killed within the last year, with a rifle, 18 deer, 2 large bears, a panther, 9 foxes and numerous other small game. She is also said to be an expert trapper.

The following frank announcement lately appeared in the advertising columns of a leading London paper: "Mrs. George A——, —Victoria street, Westminster, takes this opportunity of thanking her numerous friends for their kind letters of sympathy on the dissolution of her marriage."

Miss Flyrte: "I am glad to see you. I hope you won't be jealous, but your husband was an old flame of mine." Mrs. Youngwife: "Yes, I know. John used to be very foolish before he was married, but he has become quite sensible now. You cannot imagine how much he has changed."

A sneak thief who was arrested in New York city on Friday used an ingenious dodge in robbing houses. He would gain admittance by giving the servant a letter addressed to the master of the house, and when the servant withdrew to deliver the note he would secure what valuables were in sight and depart.

A Paris correspondent of the Critic says: "I notice in your London letter recently that English young ladies have a new fad, viz., putting literature into Braille, a printed language for the blind. It is an old fad with us. We have a circulating library for the blind in Paris, and the many thousand volumes that compose it are in Braille done by society women."

The Empress of Austria takes each day long walking excursions, in which she tires out her ladies in waiting, conversing all the way in modern Greek with a Greek professor. It is in study and exercise that the empress drives away the attacks of melancholia which have been of such frequent recurrence since the death of her son.

A young notary of Bakhmut, Russia, fell in love with a lady's maid and arranged to marry her. His parents opposed the marriage, and the young couple determined to die together. The young man fired a bullet from a revolver into his sweetheart's body and then turned the weapon on himself. Both were badly wounded but neither fatally, and, after spending three months in the same hospital, they came out recently and were promptly married. The story became known and an enormous crowd attended the wedding.

Masculinities.

Be sure to take your religion with you when you travel.

Twenty-two letters of the English alphabet are not in order.

No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants.

Every boy would rather run the lawn mower next door than the one at home.

Every man has a serious rival in the ideal man a woman likes to sit and dream about.

There is a certain kind of friend who never can be contented with you until he has reduced you to his own level.

The man who howls and growls every time his wife wants a little money, very often buries her in a rosewood casket.

A Rich Hill, Missouri, woman evidently places great confidence in man, as she recently advertised for the return of an umbrella.

"You say he left no money?" "No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then he lost his wealth trying to get healthy."

Little Joe: "What is a phonograph?" His mamma: "A thing you talk to and it talks back." Joe: "Oh, I thought that was a servant girl."

You would be a happier man if you would take 50 per cent. off the bad reports about your neighbors, and put 50 per cent. on the good ones.

There is no mansion in heaven for the man who treats his wife like a mule, and then tries to get a divorce because she does not prove to be an angel.

Two brothers who had not seen each other for 20 years met on adjacent cots in a Maine General Hospital ward the other day. It was a touching surprise.

There are two sides to every question, a right side and a wrong. It is hardly necessary to say that the wrong side is not the side upon which you are looking.

Mrs. Jennie Northen, of Princeton, Ky., died recently from her first attack of measles, leaving a daughter aged 30. Mrs. Northen's reputed age was 110 years.

Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptation. Do not weaken and distract yourself looking forward to things you can not see, and could not understand if you saw.

"My dear young friend," asked the good man, solemnly, "do you attend church regularly?" "Yes, sir, but I didn't go to-day. She's visiting friends out of town, you know."

How would that excellent mystery, wedded life, irradiate the world with its blessed influences, were the generous impulses and sentiments of courtship but perpetuated in all their exuberant fulness during the sequel of marriage!

You cannot always tell what people mean by what they say; but when the bottom comes out of the ash-barrel that a man is tugging and straining to get up the cellar steps, and the man says something, it is safe to assume as a general thing that he means it.

Elder sister: "You should make friends again. It is absurd for an engaged pair to quarrel." Laura: "Well, then, let Edgar say the first word." Edgar, with a lively recollection of the recent tiff: "Yes, so long as you have the last, you don't care!"

George Lizotti married a niece of Justice Harlan in 1891, and started with her on a bridal tour that has not yet been finished. They have visited nearly every town of any size in North America, covering a distance of 37,000 miles in travel, and have no present intention of settling down.

Since young women have operated the soda water fountains in Georgetown, Md., that drink has become decidedly popular among the men. Temperance people state that the thirst of the average Georgetown man is becoming less violent and is running in the direction of soda and lemonade.

A Washington correspondent mentions among the wealthiest colored men of the capital: John F. Cook, estimated to be worth from $150,000 to $200,000; Fred Douglass, $150,000; the two sons of the late James Wormley, $100,000; John R. Lynch, $75,000; P. B. S. Pinchback, $80,000; Drs. C. B. Purvis and John A. Francis, $75,000 each, and the children of the rich feed store man, Lee, $200,000.

The royal family of England is said to be the most money-loving of the princely blood of Europe. The Queen has accumulated a vast fortune from her savings, and she pays her servants less than they can get in any first-class hotel. The Prince of Wales, however, does not inherit the thrifty instinct. He wears 1000 pairs of gloves a year, and buys them all from Denmark, instead of encouraging the home industry.

James Dioty, of Bethlehem, Penna., has a horse. Until two weeks ago, when Dioty whipped the animal, the driver and his beast were excellent friends. After the whipping the horse showed plainly a disposition to get even with his owner. One morning he attacked Dioty in the stable, tore two pieces of flesh from his face, knocked him down and would have killed him had not another driver rescued the victim of the vicious horse.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

To-day I came across the French fashion paper which is really called the leader in such publications, and as I always like to divide a good thing among my friends so as to provide the greatest amount of pleasure for the greatest number I make a few

TOILET FOR STREET IN 1830 STYLE.

extracts from it. I should add that the paper is published in French; but there is a page of translation, so that we who cannot speak French may not be deprived of the information it contains. It begins:

"The styles wich I announce in the last month Chronicle has not changed, and the 1830 shape is more than ever in greater favor, for this style very wide stuffs were necessary, then you can find some ones which have 2¼ yards of wideness, even 3¼, and the most narrow have 1¼ in wideness.

"The "Loie Fuller" color [rainbow gauze] continue to have a great success, and at the horse races I have seen many pretty dresses of them, but this style will be over very soon, because you will find the goods that it requires in every shop, what is not pleasant for the great coquets, who do not like what is so common.

"In this short chronicle I take the case to presence to my subscribers of the selfish advises that several houses give to employ velvet bias for trimming. This kind of one was very good for winter dresses, but with summer stuffs it will be ugly and heavy, and velvet ribbon are much better. The real mark of elegant Parisian dress is actually a great simplicity and the first dressmaker notes. The stylish simplicity is very difficult to do, but it is to pretty when it is well done by artist hands. The sleeves are very simple now."

I hope that the readers of the above will enjoy as well as I did this delicious bit of English as "she is spoke" by the fashion writer who wishes to tell us that the 1830 styles prevail, and all that.

The 1830 styles do prevail and are very much in evidence these bright days, and it would be an ill natured person who would not admit that they are quaint, dainty and picturesque, and that they carry with them something intangible, but tenderly sweet, like a faint memory, or like the elusive perfume that comes from dim chests of stored away linen. They bear the breath of sweet clover, of lavender, of withered rose leaves—something our senses feel, but our reason shows no trace of, and for that mysterious sense of something that was and is no more, but yet has left its ghostly trace. We like these new old gowns or old new ones.

Did I not shut my eyes to-day and let two tears chase down the furrows in my cheeks as I sat and looked at a young lady who sat opposite me in the car? She had on a changeable taffeta dress made with a number of bias folds turned downward and edged with a couple of narrow russet braids. The color of it was blue and cream, with an overshot of pale rose, making the general color pale heliotrope. The sleeves were great leg o' muttons, and there was such a dear little cape over the shoulder, with two quilled ruffles, and the deep capes had another, and on each were two lines of braid. The sleeves were of russet green, shot with dusty red. There was a tiny toque, with a couple of drooping sprigs of sage blossoms.

Why this particular gown should bring forth tears I cannot tell, unless that it is somehow connected with the stories my dear old grandmother used to tell about the gowns she wore. And then she used to dress up a doll for me in just such gowns. I imagine that must be it, but I expect the young girl must have wondered what caused the old lady over in the corner to weep.

The 1830 style gives mourners a trifle of comfort, as there is no woman who does not feel an inward glow of satisfaction when becomingly dressed, and heretofore mourning garments have been so uncompromisingly somber. Now a silk warp henrietta, made with flaring skirt, with a gauffered crape flounce, with gauffered bertha and puffed sleeves, is a handsome and tasteful gown and robs the somberness of some of its terrors.

Those ruffled capes are as pretty for children as for grown folks, and about half the children's cloaks have the shoulder ruffle at least. Many last season's garments are made into new ones by a velvet ruff or one of some other material.

I think the time is not far away when mourning garments will be much less depressing and heavy than now, as very many persons, and those of the greatest refinement, are beginning to feel that such a display of grief is wrong to the living and no compliment to the dead.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

French Pancakes.—Beat two ounces of butter to a cream, and whisk two eggs till they are light. Blend with these two ounces of fine flour and the same weight of sifted sugar. Thin the mixture by adding half-a-pint of new milk. Bake on buttered tin plates, and take care to keep on beating the batter till it is poured out to be put in the oven. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven, and serve piled high on a dish. Send lemon and sifted sugar to table with the pancakes, or put a layer of jam between each as they are put on the dish.

Ginger Pudding.—Crumble a quarter-of-a-pound of stale sponge biscuits into a bowl, and pour over them half-a-pint of boiling milk nicely sweetened. Let them soak for an hour. Beat into the mixture three well-beaten eggs. Butter a small pudding mould, and line it with preserved ginger cut into thin slices. Put the pudding in carefully with a spoon so as not to disturb the ginger, tie it securely down with a cloth, and steam it for an hour-and-a-quarter. Serve it with the syrup of the ginger made hot and poured over it.

Rice Pudding, Boiled.—Wash a quarter of a pound of rice, and boil it gently in a pint and a half milk till it is soft and thick. The milk should be first sweetened and flavored to taste. Pour the boiled rice into a basin, and stir into it two ounces of butter. Let it get cold, and then add four well-whisked eggs and a tablespoonful of brandy. Pour the pudding into a well-buttered mould, taking care that it is quite full, as any water getting in will quite spoil it; lay a piece of buttered paper on the top, tie it down with a floured cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it briskly on the boil till the pudding is done. Serve with stewed fruit, or any sweet sauce or jam.

Sandwiches.—Decorate some small sandwich moulds with tiny stars or diamonds of truffle, beetroot, and hard-boiled egg: set with clear aspic, and when firm add a little more aspic. Pound some cold chicken with a little tongue or ham, a couple of button mushrooms, pepper, salt, a little butter, and a couple of spoonfuls of thick veloute sauce. When smooth, pass through a sieve; if not sufficiently creamy, work in a little cream or more veloute sauce, put a layer of it smoothly (using a knife dipped in hot water) on the aspic, cover with more aspic, then leave till set. When turned out, dish with the decorated side uppermost.

Another way of making these sandwiches is to lay on the aspic shreds of the cold chicken with a few tiny pieces of tongue, then set with the jelly.

Lobster or anchovy cream can also be used, but should be a little stiffer than when required for filling the brioches or rolls. Hard-boiled eggs pounded whilst still warm with a lump of butter, pepper, salt, and a very little anchovy paste make an excellent sandwich also between the layers of aspic.

Another pretty sandwich can be made by cutting small rounds of bread, either brown or white, with a pastry cutter, spreading them with rather stiff lobster cream, then masking them with pink chaudfroid. This sandwich also admits of infinite variety. It could be spread with a puree of pate de foie gras, and masked with brown chaudfroid, or with shredded smoked salmon and masked in pink, or with any pounded mixture made savory and tasty.

ZANZIBAR'S new Sultan—the fourth in five years—Hamed Bin Thevain, is, with one exception, the sole survivor of the fifty brothers and sisters of his grandfather.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line, at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 per cent. below regular rates. These tickets will be valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders to stop over at Baltimore, Washington, or any other point, going and returning.

Besides the opportunity of visiting Washington, a privilege afforded by no other route, tourists via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will traverse the historic Potomac Valley, the theatre of the war between the States. At Cumberland they will be offered a choice of routes, via Pittsburgh, or across the Alleghany mountains 3000 feet above the level of the sea and via Deer Park and Oakland, the famous summer resorts. The scenery along the Baltimore & Ohio route is the most picturesque in America. Pullman accommodations may be reserved in advance of journey. For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. ticket Agent, or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

ONE INHABITANT.—Very curious is the township of Skiddaw, in Cumberland. It contains only one house, inhabited by a solitary male adult—the shepherd of Skiddaw Forest. His position is peculiar. He, or his landlord, has to pay rates, but he is not allowed to vote, because there is no overseer to make out the voters' list for the township of Skiddaw, and no church or public building on which to publish one if made.

One year, it is said, a registratin agent served a notice of claim upon the assistant overseer of Under Skiddaw, but that gentleman, being apparently a humorist, conscious or otherwise, refused to have anything to do with it, on the ground that "he could not saddle his township with the duty and expense of another."

Skiddaw is not quite unique in having only one male adult inhabitant, for visitors to the picturesque district about Congleton, in Cheshire, used to be shown, and are probably still shown, a village with an equally small population.

Havannah, the township in question, was only a few years ago a busy little place, in which a house could not be obtained "for anything," to adopt the local expression. A silk mill and a corn mill provided work for its inhabitants, but when the silk trade of the district failed, and the owner of the corn mill died, both places were closed, and the villagers had to leave their birthplace in a body. Very soon not a solitary householder was left. Then the windows of the cottages were boarded up and the doors fastened with padlocks.

When the writer was last in the neighborhood, a little more than a year ago, the only male inhabitant of the once flourishing village was a watchman—a veritable Marius musing over the ruins of a deserted Carthage—and the main street was given up to cattle, which placidly grazed on the grass-o'ergrown stones.

A SOCIETY OF INVALIDS.

A correspondent gives a sketch of a most interesting society, which has members throughout Great Britain and its colonies, the United States, most of the countries of Europe, and reaches even to China. It is called the "Shut-in Society," and all of its members are invalids, most of them being confined to their beds.

It originated with Mrs. Jennie M. Drinkwater, of Madison, New Jersey, who was confined to her room by disease for fifteen years. She began a correspondence with another invalid similarly afflicted, and they organized by letter this society, whose membership now reaches into the thousands.

The constitution provides that "To be a sufferer, shut in from the outside world, constitutes one a proper candidate for membership in the society." In order that unworthy persons may be prevented from becoming members of the organization, the constitution further provides that applicants shall "send with their application, if possible, the name of their pastor, or their physician, or of some associate member of the society, as an introduction."

The "associate members," the constitution explains, "are not themselves invalids, but, being in tender sympathy with the suffering, volunteer in this ministry of love."

The society has organized a sort of circulating library, by means of which books, magazines, and other literature are passed from one afflicted member to another, and many other expedients by which the painful tedium of the invalid's life is brightened. A constant interchange of letters is also kept up between members and associates, so that many invalids who have never seen each other's faces have become not only intimate acquaintances, but warm personal friends, and the term "letter friend" has become a part of the vernacular of the society.

DIAMONDS FOR ALL.—"Do you know that when your shoes glisten with a polish they are really covered with diamonds?" asked a shoemaker the other day of one of his patrons. "This is true," he continued, "and I will show you why. Bone dust, which is the principal ingredient of shoe blacking, is almost pure carbon. The diamond, you know, is the purest form of carbon. When this paste has been smeared over your shoes, the friction of the polishing-brush crystallizes the blacking and converts it into millions of infinitesimally small diamonds and every man with a shine on his shoes may revel in the knowledge that he wears a cluster of diamonds on his feet."

THE LITTLE WONDER

Self-Operating Washer and Bleacher!

Solves the Old Problem of Household Care and Makes Wash Day a Delight!

This washer will do ALL of the family washing in less than one-half the time it takes by hand, and without the wear and tear of the washboard. It will also wash cleaner than by hand, and only requires ONE-HALF the soap. NO RUBBING WHATEVER IS REQUIRED.

It will fit in any kind of boiler or the old-fashioned wash pot.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE WASHER.

The operation of the Washer consists in rapidly and continuously forcing the hot soap suds contained in the boiler from the bottom to the surface through a tube, at the rate of ten gallons per minute, and then drawing it down again THROUGH THE SOILED CLOTHING, while that is expanded by the boiling heat, causing it to remove every particle of dirt, and leaving the articles, after rinsing, thoroughly cleansed and bleached. It is impossible for it to wear or tear, or in any way injure the fabric, as there is no friction whatever.

The Capacity of the Washer and Bleacher.

The Washer is circular in form and 7½ inches in diameter and 13½ inches deep. The discharge pipe is 13 inches above that and 1¼ inches in diameter. It throws water in a solid, unbroken stream at the rate of eight to ten gallons per minute. It is made of copper, iron, and tin, and can never wear out. Only three or four ounces of soap are required to eight or ten gallons of water. These washers will wash bed or table linen, a boiler full in ten to fifteen minutes; wearing apparel in from twenty to thirty minutes, and will remove streaks without rubbing; require no previous preparation of the clothes, such as soaking over night. Take the clothes and fill the boiler as full as it will hold by gently pressing them down with a stick. Use no chemicals, only good soap and soft water. If the water is hard it may be softened by a small piece of borax, which is harmless.

The Little Wonder is sold for only $2.00 by the manufacturers, who are shipping them in immense numbers. But we have made a contract for a large quantity, and will send one, expressage paid, to any part of the country for $1.50.

Address,—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Recent Book Issues.

"Napoleon, A Drama," is the title of a study of the great French Emperor, by R. S. Dement. As the subject is a vast one the author has gone beyond the usual limits assigned a dramatic work, and made the examination of his subject's character, in the light of his time, associates and circumstances, thorough and searching. The book perhaps settles nothing of the many problems in Napoleon's life, but it is a fair and intelligent investigation. As such it is an acceptable addition to Napoleonic literature. Published by Knight, Leonard & Co., Chicago.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for June is out and is one of the very finest numbers of this valuable periodical yet issued. No one desiring to keep up with the world's progress can well do without this magazine. Published at New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for June contains a choice assortment of original and valuable reading matter, special and miscellaneous. The illustrations and the departments are of a like high character. Published at New York.

No cheaper or better art publication than "The Magazine of Art" is issued in any country or language. Its pictures and its text are alike a treat for the eye and the mind. Published at New York.

TWO FAMOUS JOKERS.—The memory of Theodore Hook, the celebrated English humorist, is very appropriately associated with the most audacious jest on record—viz., his announcement, when recalled from his post as Governor of Mauritius on a charge of embezzling twelve thousand pounds of the public money, that he had come home "on account of a disorder in his chest."

But the most brilliant of his comic feats was achieved in concert with his famous rival Tom Hood. The two were strolling one summer evening on the outskirts of London with their friend Charles Mathews, the great actor, when Hood said to Hook.

"They call us 'the inseparables'; but, after all, it's only natural that Hook-and-eye should always be together—eh, Theo?"

"Bravo, Tom," cried Hook; "that's the best I've heard for a long time! I say, suppose we have a match which of us two can make the best joke on the spur of the moment? Charlie Mathews, here shall be umpire, and the loser shall stand treat for a supper for three."

"Done!" said Hood; and scarcely was the word uttered when they espied a sign-board, the owner of which, wishing to advertise that he sold beer, had unluckily worded the announcement, "Bear sold here."

"O-ho," said Hook—"I suppose that bear is his own Bruin!"

"Well done!" cried Charles Mathews. "You'll have hard work to beat that, friend Thomas."

"I dare say he'll do it, though," said Theodore; "he carries more than two faces under one Hood—don't you, Tom?"

At that moment they turned a sharp corner, and came in sight of a small tumble-down house standing in the midst of a wretched little plot of worn and trampled grass, just in front of which was displayed a huge board with the inscription, "Beware the dog."

Hood looked warily round him in all directions, and, finding no dog anywhere visible, picked up a broken piece of brick and scribbled underneath the warning, "Ware be the dog!"

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, my boys," said Charles Mathews—"I can't decide between two such jokes as those, and, what's more, I'm not going to try; so we had better all go and sup together, and each pay his own share."

SAFETY IN NUMBERS.—An Englishman, idly strolling about an Italian town, was surprised by a rough-looking man asking him, in a threatening tone, when he was going to pay him the 25,000 lire owed him.

The Englishman protested that he owed no such sum to any one in Italy; but in vain, for the man said he would prove his assertion in the law courts.

The perplexed Englishman thought it wisest to consult a lawyer.

"Oh, I'll soon put that all right for you," said the legal advisor reassuringly.

Shortly afterwards the Englishman was summoned to the Court of Justice (?). He felt sure that his case was lost when six witnesses solemnly swore that they had seen him receive the alleged sum of money from the plaintiff.

However, the man of law proved as good as his word, for he triumphantly produced twelve witnesses, who all took their oath that they had seen the defendant pay back the 25,000 lire to the plaintiff!

DIDN'T WANT IT.—A judge, who used to wear very long, waving hair, and a heavy beard, one day was on his way to court when he was accosted by a little street boot-black, with an exceedingly dirty face, with the customary "Shine, sir?" He was quite importunate, and the judge, being impressed with the terrible state of the boy's face, said—

"I don't want a shine, but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you a dime."

"All right, sir."

"Well, let me see you do it."

The boy went over to the artesian hydrant and made his ablution.

Returning, he held out his hand for the dime. The judge said—

"Well, you've earned your money. Here it is."

The boy said—

"I don't want your money, old fellow. You take it and have your hair cut," and forthwith scampered off.

AN IMPROMPTU DUET.—Not many audiences have had an opportunity of seeing Signor Foli, the famous basso, break down in a public performance. The public of St. Helens, Lancashire, were, however, favored in this respect one evening a year or two ago. The famous vocalist was singing "The Raft," when, in its innocence, a child attempted to organize an impromptu duet. Unfortunately the next line in the song was, "Hark! what sound is that which breaks upon mine ear?" This so tickled the risibles of Foli that he burst into hearty laughter and left the platform, followed by his pianist. Twice he attempted to sing the song, but could not. The incident created great amusement amongst the audience.

THE German Emperor is said to have posed before a camera one hundred and forty times since he ascended the throne, and hardly a week passes that does not bring a summons to the royal photographer to appear at the palace. Many of the negatives are destroyed, but the residue, after the weeding out, amounts so far, if the story from Berlin is true, to six dozen photographs of the Kaiser in different attitudes.

"Do be careful what you say in your poems addressed to me," pleaded his fiancee; "because all my friends read your poetry!" "That's all right," the poet answered; "no one knows you by the pet name of Phyllis, and no one would ever recognize you by my descriptions."

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WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE

PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, U's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for ten popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. POSSIBLY you may be correct, but PROBABLY you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

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Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $46.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $90.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10.00 OR $30.00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company,
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
New York, ———, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

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"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public; it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot.
"Dec., 28, '92."

"TO N. HELMER Esq., 12th St. and B'way."

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Humorous.

ONLY COUSINS!

Close side by side they roam'd along,
Thro' the fields one morn in May,
But surely there was something wrong—
Neither had a word to say!
No single look at him she cast,
Tho' she must have heard him sigh;
He turned upon his heel at last,
Leaving her without "good-bye!"

"'Twill do him good!" she crossly cried,
"How can he such things assert!"
Whilst he strode on with a stolid stride,
Saying, "She's a heartless flirt!"
And neither even turned their head
After what had come to pass;
They both felt certain love was dead—
Foolish lad, and foolish lass!

They did not meet for quite a week;
Both then flush'd a ruby red;
She, woman-like, was first to speak—
"'Twas my cousin, dear!" she said.
They linked their hands, that lies and lark
Each at heart was shameh and true;
He slyly said, "I wish I had
Handsome cousins, dear, like you!"

—E. O.

Named.

Mr. Waite (trying to entertain his lady-love's 6-year-old sister)—"Do you know who I am?"

Flossie—"Yep. Pop says you're Edith's last chance."

A cut-throat business—the butcher's.

For the gait money—walking matches.

What vocalist can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

When does a look get ripe enough to pick?—As soon as the spring opens, of course.

Base ball players are an odd lot, for no sooner do they steal a base than they want to leave it behind.

"This is what I call pretty hard lines," mused the young man in jail, looking dejectedly at the parallel iron bars in his narrow cell window.

"That was a very exhaustive sermon that Dr. Vanderwart preached this morning." "Y-e-s," with a yawn, "very exhaustive. I haven't got over it yet."

Patron: "You wanted to paint my picture last year for $50, and now you want $60. How is that?" Artist: "You've gotten much fatter in the past year."

"Can't you help a poor fellow who is starving, ma'am?" "Certainly. Here is a pair of false teeth that belonged to my husband. Take them and may heaven bless you."

Mother: "Johnnie, your father went trouting this morning. Go down to the fish-market, and when he arrives there tell him to get a codfish, instead of the trout, as to-morrow is Friday and I expect company."

Mrs. Potts: "I will give you something to eat if you will take this soap and water and give your face a good washing." Hungry Higgins: "Not much. I may be purty hungry, but, thank the Lord, I ain't starvin' yet."

"These railway accidents are becoming too numerous. I shall travel hereafter on a bicycle." "But accidents are just as common with bicycles." "True; but there are never so many people killed. There's only one victim in each case."

"What is all that uproar about in there?" inquired a stranger, trying to force his way through the crowd in front of the building. "It's a plumber and a paper-hanger," replied a man standing on the window-sill. "They've done some work for each other and they're trying to settle."

Little girl: "Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'm under a hen." Neighbor: "So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens." "No, ma'am, we don't; but Mrs. Smith's goin' to lend us a hen that wants ter set, and ma thought, if you'd lend her some eggs, we'd find a nest ourselfs."

THE QUEEN'S WITTY REBUKE.—A fact but little known is that, besides Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester, there is another individual who has the curious prerogative of remaining covered in the presence of Queen Victoria; namely, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Anent this a curious anecdote has been narrated. A superstition prevails concerning the necessity for exercising the right or losing it altogether; so, when on a certain occasion the Queen visited Cambridge University, the well-known and highly popular Master of Trinity kept his hat on during the proceedings. The Queen apparently did not notice the circumstance, and the Master began to feel uncomfortable. At length, just as her Majesty was about to depart, he approached deferentially, and said:

"Your Majesty has perhaps wondered that I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep my hat on all day; but—er—perhaps it has escaped your Majesty's memory that Lord Kingsale in Ireland, Lord Forester in England, and also the Master of Trinity, have a right to keep their hats on in the presence of their Sovereign."

"Quite so—ahem—but not in the presence of a lady!" was the rejoinder.

DISPOSING OF HER.—A missionary from Africa tells the following story:—

"One day an old chief came to me, with two wives, one old, the other young, and wanted to join my church. I told him we didn't allow a man to have more than one wife.

"He went away, and the next week came back with the young wife, both of them smiling, and said—

"'Now me join church; me all right now.'

"'Where is your old wife?' I asked.

"'She all right, too; me eat her up,' placidly answered the old savage.

"I postponed the decision as to his application for admission to a more convenient season."

HER SUNSHADE.—A London lady who has a very poor opinion of art as presented in Manchester, was recently visiting in that city, and under the guidance of that dilettante and scholar, Professor M——, she went one day to the Art Museum.

"Possibly, madam," suggested the Professor, with a courtly bow, "you had better leave your sunshade in the cloak-room."

"Why?" inquired the lady, who was rich enough to own the best.

"You might push it through a painting or break a piece of statuary with it."

"I hardly think I shall," she retorted, marching straight in. "I think too much of my sunshade."

SEEN AT A GLANCE.—The peasants in Brittany would seem to be very frank and honest, for on certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats with white and yellow borders round them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band represents silver, and denotes one hundred francs per annum, while each yellow band denotes gold and betokens a thousand francs a year. Thus, a young man who sees a face that pleases him has but to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats, and without any bashful or suspicious inquiry he can learn what amount of money accompanies the sweet wearer.

REAL FERTILITY.—Cuba has been well named "the garden of the West Indies." Its soil and climate are capable of yielding an almost unlimited range of agricultural products. Not only does it grow the best tobacco in the world, but a yet more valuable product is the Cuban sugar. Coffee, corn, rice, and cotton can also be profitably raised. The forests of Cuba are rich in mahogany, rosewood, ebony, and cedar. It has now fifteen hundred sugar plantations, but is capable of providing ten times that number, and the same may be said of the possible increase of tobacco, coffee, and cotton plantations.

AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S PET.—An engine-driver on the Great Western Railway, Eng., has a cat that loves railway traveling. For several years the cat has accompanied the engine-driver on his regular journeys, usually sitting on the tender. Sometimes, in fine weather, it strolls out to the front of the engine, and lies there for hours at a stretch. At other times it will climb on to the top of the engine, and sit there undisturbed by the shriek of the whistle. The cat used to belong to the engine-driver's wife, who is dead; and since her demise the driver has made a pet of it.

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1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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Buffalo Day Express (Parlor Car), ... 9.00 a m
World's Fair Flyer, through Sleeper to Chicago ..... 12.30 p m
Chicago and Buffalo Express, with through Sleeper ..... 7.00 p m
Boston Express (through Sleeper)..... 7.00 p m
Western Night Express, through Sleeper to Buffalo and Chicago..... 9.00 p m
Rochester Express.....9.00 a m, 12.30, 7.00, 9.00 p m
Above trains run daily.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.20 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 4.25, 5.15, 6.27, 8.35 (dining cars), 9.40, 12.10 night. Sundays 4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57 p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 3.30, 5.15, 6.27, 8.35 (dining car), p m 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.05, 7.55, 9.00 a m, 12.20, 2.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.25, 6.35, 7.00, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.22, 8.00, 9.30 a m, 12.20, 5.30, 7.00, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only, 9.05 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.12 a m for Reading, Paoli, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.50 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

9.07 a m for Reading and way points.

11.00 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

11.05 a m for Pottstown and Paoli.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Paoli and Reading.

3.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

4.32 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.10 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.45 p m daily, sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Sunday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg, Shippensburg and Gettysburg.

6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shippensburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

11.45 a m for Pottstown and Paoli.

3.30 p m for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Paoli and Allentown.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 5.45 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.45 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 4.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Malicia Hill, 8.20, 11.40 a m, 4.30, 5.05 p m. Sundays, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00, 8.30, 9.30, 11.40 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 5.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.00 p m.

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